THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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FRANK, MY DARLING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

How heavenly calm the soul looks out
From baby's azure eyes!
As pure and fair, as clear and sweet,
As the stream that flows through the golden street
And waters Paradise.

And surely the flowers of that bright land,
Where deathless verdure grows—
Brighten anew in his dewy lips,
In his shining shoulders and finger-tips,
In his cheek's delicious rose.

And surely those white-robed ones who bathe
Their wings in fadeless light:
Those souls of children who perished pure
In their early youth, and were caught secure
From the touch of coming blight;—

Surely those angel-children fair,
Smile as they float afar—
To see 'mid these world-weeds, dark and dank,
The stainless soul of our baby Frank
Shine out like a sister star!

O happy darling! I clasp thee close,
I clasp thee, faint with fear,
For looking into thy liquid eyes,
I hear the rustle of Paradise,
And feel the angels near.

And I hide thee in my bosom, babe,
I kiss thee o'er and o'er,
Lest the angels catch thee, as if in play,
Out of my arms, in happy play,
And bear thee away—away—away—
To bring thee back no more!

Many a darling, fair as thou,
From mother's breast as fond,
Has floated away with the happy dead,
Thro' the golden gates, by the angels led,
To swell the ranks beyond.

And blessed are they, I know full well,
For they rest and know no sin;
And the bowers of Heaven are bright—and they
May drink with their innocent lips alway
The waters that gush therein.

Yet, angels dear, lead not my boy
Where that fair River rolls!
His little sparkling life would be
Only a drop in Eternity—
A drop in your rich Eternity,
Replete with happy souls!

You—you can spare him yet a while—
Your court shall lessen never!
But I, ah woe!—how could I rest,
With empty arms and yearning breast?
By night—by day—how could I rest
And miss my babe forever?

Philadelphia.

A HURDLE RACE AT CONINGTON CASTLE, HUNTINGDONSHIRE, ENGLAND.

Conington Castle, Huntingdonshire, was originally the seat of Turkill the Dane, to whom it was given by Canute. In the Domesday Book it is stated that "Turchill held of the Abbot of Thorney, and in return supplied the monastery with strong ale." On the exile of Turkill, Conington was granted by Edward the Confessor to Waltheof, afterwards Earl of Northumberland and Huntingdon, who married the Countess Judith, niece to William the Conqueror. Their daughter Maud, who had Conington for her dowery, was married, first, to Simon de St. Liz; and, secondly, to David, son of Malcolm I., King of Scotland, who had for his wife, Margaret, the niece of Edward the Confessor, and who thus allied the Royal families of England and Scotland. The male line ceased in the person of David, the second Earl of Huntingdon, whose daughter Isabella married Robert Brus, Lord of Annandale, from whose second son, Bernard, was descended that John Brus, whose daughter and coheiress, Agnes, married Sir Hugh de Wessenham. Their grand-daughter, Mary, brought Conington into the family of the Cottons, by her marriage with William, second son of Sir Richard Cotton, of Ridware, Staffordshire, whose only son and heir was the great-great-grandfather of Sir Robert Cotton, the eminent antiquary, to whom the English nation is indebted for that invaluable collection of upwards of 26,000 articles, now preserved in the British Museum, under the title of "The Cottonian Library." From the extract just made from the pedigree of the Cottons, it will be seen that the family could boast of being related to the royal family of England and Scotland, and this was recognized by James I., who was accustomed to call Sir Robert "cousin." Sir Robert also usually wrote his name as Robert Cotton Bruce, or Bruce Cotton.

The castle is now owned by John Meyer Heathcote, whose son, the captain, on his recent marriage, gave a fete to the Huntingdonshire Volunteers. After luncheon a variety of athletic sports were engaged in, greatly to the amusement of the spectators, the winners being rewarded with handsomely-chased silver goblets, and other valuable prizes. Our engraving represents the hurdle-race, which was cleverly won by Captain Heathcote himself, who was also the winner of the one-mile race. This incident shows the attention paid to physical development by the aristocracy of England.

DEAD!

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Astrea, have you read this afternoon's paper?" asked Mrs. Heartly, as she came suddenly into her daughter-in-law's chamber. The young lady was standing upon a chair, one fair hand uplifted to adjust the rich folds of the lace curtains she had been putting over her windows, and her face was almost concealed by them at the moment.

"No, mother; is there anything particular in it?" turning a pair of gentle eyes upon the aged face, with sweet earnestness.

"Yes; an awful battle has been fought, and one of our bravest generals has fallen. I thought I'd come up and tell you, for I have heard you speak of him as a friend of yours and Homer's so often. Poor General Amis! I wonder if he had a mother living!"

"General Amis! Oh, mother!"

She stepped down to the floor and sank upon a stool, with blanched lips, both hands closely locked under the folds of her black-silk apron. That was all. No further outcry betrayed the depth of the sudden wound, and she sat there with her deep eyes uplifted to Mrs. Heartly's tear-wet face, as the old lady recounted the particulars of the engagement in which the general had fallen. Then she quietly took the paper from her hands and scanned the columns herself, the soft shadows of twilight creeping in the while, and in their friendliness hiding the growing pallor of her cheeks as she read. At length she folded the sheet upon her knee with a sadly wearied expression, and sighed heavily.

"Ah, me! when will it end? When will this fearful destruction of life cease? You have said truly that he was one of the best and bravest; and now he is gone! Who, of those I love, will be the next victim? Homer? Oh, no! God forbid!"

She caught her breath quickly, rose up and tossed the loose masses of glossy brown hair back from her face. The movement disclosed a pallid brow to the mother, whose anxious eyes followed this favorite child in every action. Instantly her fears were aroused.

"Don't think of such a thing, dear. I can't bear the idea, and to contemplate it would drive me crazy. We will try to hope that our darling will come back to us safely, and then we shall all be so happy. But, how pale you are, Astrea! You have overdone yourself. Do sit down and keep quiet, my daughter."

"Oh, no. It is not that," with a strong effort to be cheerful. "I am only just a little excited, I presume, and that makes me appear tired. I must brush my hair, and dress for tea. There, don't worry, precious"—seeing the anxious gaze still fixed upon her; and turning round she took the withered face between those little hands and kissed it tenderly. "I am not tired or sick—nor going to be. This death has saddened me. Perhaps it will all pass away soon."

She spoke the words bravely, and with a thrill of tenderness in the tones that to others might have seemed laden with meaning; but the mother thought only how natural it was to be sad on such an occasion, and with a warm embrace and a whispered "God bless my daughter!" left her alone.

The moment the door had closed and the steps descended till heard no more upon the stairs, Astrea turned the key in the lock, and sank upon the floor with a moan, so wild, so bitter, so full of anguish, Clotho herself might have been moved to pity. The white face buried itself in the cushions of a large chair, and the brown hair floated a shadowing veil around the slender form, shaken like a reed by the force of the dry sobs that heaved her bosom.

Ten, fifteen minutes! The first tea-bell roused her, and brought her back to a sense of present necessities. No longer time for grief could she allow herself then! She must dress and descend to the table where the doors of her heart would close, and shut out the sparkle and brilliance of the fires burning there.

In a moment a broad glare of light filled the room, and she stood up before the glass to dress the glossy hair with rapid fingers. The rich mass was twisted into rolls and wound round the head in a graceful coil, fastened with jewelled pins. This done, she hastily donned a white muslin dress, knotted a blue ribbon at the waist and suffered the ends to float with the airy folds of the skirt; a little bow at the throat, of the same color, finished the simple toilette, and without stopping to think of anything else, she glided down the stairs just as the bell tinkled a second time.

Mrs. Heartly generally had tea rather late for the country, and before they were through with it, company was announced. A sickening sensation crept into Astrea's heart at the thought of sitting down there to entertain strangers; but they were her mother's friends—the friends of the dear husband who was far away fighting the battles of his country, and she took hold of the duty resolutely, smothering the sigh ere it escaped her lips. Her light step was steady as she entered the parlor, and her greeting graceful and self-possessed when introduced to the visitors. No one would have dreamed of the aching heart hidden beneath the pure drapery.

A little later other visitors came, and throughout the entire evening, until eleven o'clock, she entertained them. The flow of her conversation that night was perfectly brilliant. She spoke of various things that had come under her observation while sharing the dangers of the field with her husband, and held her listeners spell-bound with interest, sometimes winning a tribute of tears to those of the "early fallen" of whom she spoke. Then she was called upon to sing, and in complying, selected a simple ballad. It was the first she laid her hand upon when she took her seat at the piano, and for the first time, tears came to her eyes as she began the song:

"We shall meet, but we shall miss him;
There will be one vacant chair."

The overwhelming sense of desolation and loss would not be driven back, and though the white tear-wet cheeks were hidden as she sat with her face from the company, the trembling, passionate tones betrayed a depth of feeling that thrilled her hearers. She knew what she had done when the last lines quivered upon her lips, and made a desperate effort to sweep the impression aside. With a little dash, she went into the extreme opposite of the sentiment, and sang a comic air with such exquisite and consummate grace as to set the whole group to laughing heartily. Coming back to her seat at the close, with glowing cheeks and brilliant eyes, she was greeted with a shower of compliments upon her musical powers, which she answered only by a bow and a smile. It was not for that she had labored! It was only to keep the doors of her heart closed from the gaze of others. Poor child, how vainly she struggled to hide the lights blazing upon the heart's altars. At that moment they were flashing through her eyes, until those who gazed into their depths were dazzled.

At last the visitors withdrew with evident reluctance, and she was free to retire to her own room. The terrible strain upon nerve and brain was over, for a brief period at least, and now she could give way to the tide of feeling that had threatened all the while to break bounds and submerge her.

Oh, that weary night! The pale moon looked calmly through the window at a bowed form, and the quiet stars saw a trembling hand clasp a miniature, upon which sad eyes dwelt with anguish in their depths; and out upon the stillness of the lonely hours, sighs floated up to heaven, bearing prayers for help that none could give, save Him who looketh into the secrets of every soul, and noteth its needs.

Over the little miniature and a letter, the last ever penned by his hand, Astrea Heartly wept such tears as we shed but once in a lifetime. The frank and manly eyes seemed looking into hers, and when she read the noble, spirited words which bound him a faithful servitor to his country, she could almost hear his voice borne upon the night wind to her ears. *Could* it be that those eyes were closed forever, and that she should hear his voice no more upon the earth? Would the firm, true hand that traced those lines never again clasp hers with their friendly pressure, as in days past? "Dead, dead, dead! oh, my God! So brave, so noble, so faithful and true! *Was* there no other who could have been taken in his stead?"

Poor Astrea! She did not intend to be rebellious, but rebellion came in spite of herself, until her whole heart and brain throbbed under its burning weight.

Only two years previous to this time that man had been her lover. He came to her with a great heart full of manly tenderness, and asked her to be his wife; but she had already pledged herself to another, before the fascination of his look and tone opened her eyes to the true state of her own sentiments. The revelation was a fearful one, but she went through it bravely, and by her frank, gentle manner bound him to her by ties that could only yield with death. She knew that her husband's happiness reposed alone in her, and never once swerved from her duty as a devoted and faithful wife. Yielding her up to a prior claimant, he, the one gone forever, had claimed the right to be her friend, and had nobly sustained the honor of his position. All this time, for two years, he had corresponded with her in that pure spirit of friendship that proved the man's worth above any she had ever seen, and never had one word or allusion to the past, and its disappointment, caused her to blush with shame, or to feel that her feet were straying from the path of allegiance. Had he lived, this state might have continued for years in a happy, unbroken quiet, but the suddenness of the death shook her from the serene atmosphere, and drove her soul out into the storminess and gloom of a night lighted by no stars of hope. That the love she bore him was pure and sinless, she knew in that hour best, when she lifted her pallid face towards heaven in an appeal for comfort. Had it been otherwise, she had not dared to ask for help from the source of purity. The sin that existed was in the rebellion that overswept her for a little while.

Suddenly, as she lay upon the carpet with her head resting upon a cushion, her heart full of bitterness and despair, she became conscious of a presence—a strange, thrilling presence that made every nerve quiver with intense excitement. At the same moment it seemed as if a hand passed lightly over her bowed head. With a low exclamation, she sprang to her feet and looked around to see who had entered, but finding no one near her, she struck a match and lighted the gas as soon as she could. Nothing could be seen. She went to the door and found it locked as she had left it. Evidently no one could get in, for that was the only way by which they could enter; but notwithstanding this, she peered under the bed, into the closet, wardrobe, and every other place where any one might have concealed themselves. And even while she searched, a hand fell upon her arm and pulled at her sleeve as if to attract attention. Almost paralyzed with terror, she paused and looked down at her arm where her sleeve still retained the impression of the hand as it was drawn outward. *What* could it mean? She had heard of spirits, but had never believed in the possibility of the departed soul returning to earth after its separation from the mortal part. Could it be possible that there was truth in Spiritualism after all? Again, as if in confirmation of the thought, the hand passed gently over her head with a slow, caressing motion. Just so *he* had once passed his hand over her hair. It was the evening of their parting, when he was starting forth to the field. They stood by the window and he said gravely,

"I shall hope to see you again ere long under different circumstances. I have faith to believe that the Right will prevail and speedily. Meantime, I know, my friend, that you will pray for me, and it will be a comfort, when surrounded by danger, to turn my thoughts to this quiet retreat, where my dearly beloved little sister remembers to plead my cause at the Throne of Mercy."

How the remembrance of those words thrilled her, and the touch of the hand while he uttered them seemed to carry her back to that moment. They were the last he ever spoke in her ear before saying "good-bye," and she had watched him as he went through the lawn, with glistening eyes, wondering if he would ever return again. Homer was with him then. The two walked off side by side, and their forms disappeared together among the trees. Since that time she had many occasions to remember gratefully, services done for her husband when in trouble or danger. A friend he had been indeed—true and faithful to the last.

Poor Astrea! All these things came back to her with the rapidity of light, even in the midst of her terror. But she could not sustain the terrible strain upon her nerves long, and with a low moan, sank to the floor perfectly unconscious.

When morning dawned they found her still lying upon the carpet, but broken and feverish murmurs issued from the scarlet lips, and she tossed her head restlessly from side to side. Hearing her voice thus incoherently uttering words had alarmed the family, and they were obliged to force the door open; then they began to understand something of the nature of the case.

For weeks Astrea was very ill, and Mrs. Heartly wrote a private and urgent appeal to her son to come home. He responded by obtaining a furlough and hastening away as soon as possible, but it was two weeks before this could be accomplished, for it is always a tedious business to get through the formula of a "leave of absence," and by the time he reached home, Astrea could begin to sit up a little. The strong man thought it a pitiful sight when he bent over the little wasted figure and kissed the wan lips that smiled upon him so sadly. He was moved to tears even by the picture.

"Oh, darling, what is it?—what has made you so ill? Tell me, my wife!"

"I will, Homer. Sit down here by me, and I will tell you all now," she answered gently, and the tearful old mother stole from the room, leaving them alone.

Without hesitation or reserve she told the story through to the end, keeping nothing back; and as he listened, the husband's heart swelled pityingly. Could it be otherwise, with his eyes fixed upon the pure, pallid face, and those holy eyes looking into his? Never once did a pang of jealousy mingle with the regret he felt for the loss of his own and his wife's friend, or detract from the purity of his sympathy. Sitting there with hands clasped in the twilight shadows, their tears mingled together, sadly and sorrowfully, but the storminess of her feelings had subsided and a peaceful expression came after awhile to the pale face.

When a little silence had fallen between them, she broke it by saying,

"I think it was terror that made me ill. I had been so excited over the sudden news, and strove so hard to conceal it, my nerves were all unstrung. Imagination took the reins and led me to supernatural inferences. I believe it was that which made me ill, though I mourned for

him bitterly, and ever shall. Alas! that *he* should die while so much needed! America has lost a brave and faithful servant in him."

That night for the first time Astrea went down to tea. Homer took her up in his strong arms and carried her to her accustomed seat, where he placed her, and assumed one immediately at her side. Seeing the cheerful and manly tenderness of his manner, and the faint tint, like the pink of a sea shell, upon her daughter-in-law's cheeks, Mrs. Heartly, senior, dismissed her fears and allowed herself to be made happy once.

Homer remained at home for two weeks, and then returned to his command. To-day he is still in the service, and Astrea, his lovely wife, is nearly always near him. Her mission is among the sick, wounded and suffering, and there are thousands who bless the day on which her sweet face first bent over them.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1864.

THE COMING YEAR.

In order to give plenty of time to those desirous of making up Clubs for THE POST, as well as for THE LADY'S FRIEND, we insert the Prospectus of each periodical in the present number.

The only difference between the terms in the Prospectuses, and those we have had standing for some weeks past, is in the offer of a SEWING MACHINE on certain conditions.

This offer is as low as we can make it, and our terms will not be deviated from. It must be remembered that the price of the machine—which is Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3, the same as that heretofore offered by us—has advanced from forty-five to fifty-five dollars.

In making up the Clubs, some may prefer taking the paper, some the magazine, while others may take both. Thus, in a club of forty, there may be twenty subscribers to THE POST, and twenty to THE LADY'S FRIEND—it matters not to us what proportion of each, so there be forty subscribers in all, with the one hundred dollars. Upon the receipt of the names and money, or of the money alone, we will send the sewing machine.

We prefer that all the subscribers to the sewing machine clubs should be obtained at the regular price of $2.50. In case they are obtained at a lower rate, the balance of course must be made up out of the pocket of the person who wishes to procure the machine.

One word that applies to all Clubs. Begin to get them up *at once*. By leaving it too late, the persons you rely upon to fill your lists, are procured by others who are more active. In this as in many other things, the old proverb holds true, "The early bird catches the worm." And we trust to have the pleasure of receiving a great many clubs this year, and of forwarding a large number of POSTS, LADY'S FRIENDS, and SEWING MACHINES as Premiums to those who get them up.

A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

We see it stated that the subject of a universal language is now exciting considerable attention in England. A code of symbols has been invented, which is declared infallible. The symbols are thirty-four in number, and have been tried in most of the European and Oriental languages. It is said that a person of common intelligence and education can learn them in a few day's study.

All very good—but for our part, we think it about as easy to "invent" a tree as a language. Languages must gradually grow into shape and color, they cannot be extemporized and manufactured even by the greatest of philosophers. And as to a universal language, the English—or, as our Russian friends compliment us by saying, the American—bids fair to become that. What with the English possessions in all parts of the globe, including the great Australian branch of the family, and the large and increasing possessions of our own great Republic, the English tongue is rapidly becoming the leading language of the world. And from preeminency to universality is not so great a stride but that it may be taken.

One of these centuries, when all the great colonies of England shall have separated from the parent isle and set up for themselves—when the old country shall nestle under the protecting wings of her great children, and console herself for the vanished glory of the past by making mouths at the Frenchmen across the channel with perfect impunity—when clouds of ships shall no longer whiten her harbors, and her vast manufactories and storehouses dwindle down to the decreased proportions of her commerce—when the Great Republic of the West shall be lording it, in the interests of Justice and Freedom, over one hemisphere, and the great Russian and Australian Empires of the East have sway over the other—when France and Prussia and Austria shall lie quiet and even peaceful together in the little nest of their territorial insignificance—then perhaps the world may begin to approximate to a universal language, a consequent good-understanding and sympathy of feeling, and an era of mutual forbearance and peace.

TYRANNY.

In the enjoyment of freedom ourselves, we are apt to forget the oppression under which the people of Europe are suffering. Occasionally, however, we have a glimpse which sets many of us to thinking. The *Gazette de Feldkerch*, a Tyrolese paper, publishes the following official order from the Mayor of a small town to the police:—

"As it is well known that Mr. N——— has not gone to church for a long time, you are directed to repair to his residence and to take him there. If he should refuse to go, you will call two assistants and take him there by force. When in the church you will remain by his side; if he pretend to be ill and fall, you will leave him on the ground, but if he make a noise you will administer to him as medicine ten or fifteen blows with a stick."

The above order was issued, and we suppose carried into effect, in May of the present year. Mr. N———, we suppose, was forced to go to church, and to make a pretence of worshipping his Creator, according to the religious views of "Raggol," Mayor.

We may see in this what freedom is not, and, by the force of contrast, what freedom is. It is, in religious as in all other matters, the right to think as it seemeth to you best, and not to be compelled even to give a reason for your opinion. It also is to possess the right to act as seemeth to you best or most pleasant, taking care that in thus acting you do not infringe upon the equal rights of others. A large portion of the jarring that society in all parts of the world experiences, is probably the result of interference with the civil liberty of individuals. The majority of men, happening to think a certain course of living and acting is proper, and being perhaps correct in that view, are not willing to tolerate others in the doing of what is considered wrong, although such wrong injures nobody but the doers of it. Therefrom come uncharitableness and evil-speaking, with worse results than those which would flow from the wrong or folly rebuked. Why we have heard, in years not long flown, men very bitterly spoken of, for no other reason than because they allowed their hair or beard to grow long. At one time, in this city, the growing of a mustache might lose a clerk his situation, or a store-keeper his customers.

No man in this country can be forced by a bigoted mayor to attend church, but prejudice and intolerance, working in the spirit of Austrian tyranny, can inflict pain and mortification upon those who are considered heretics even here. But are these finer and more spiritual forms of tyranny, in their inner quality, any better than the Austrian?

Alike in religious, political and moral questions, we do not consider any real progress is made by persecution or abuse of any kind whatever. Respect the liberty of man. Freedom, if it mean anything—if it be anything more than what some have said it is, "a name"—means the right to hold unpopular opinions, and the right to do unpopular things. We have abjured the tyranny of one man—let us abjure the tyranny of public opinion. Let public opinion learn to respect individual opinion, even when that individual opinion is wrong-headed and mistaken. There can be no freedom for man which does not include the liberty to think more or less foolishly and to act more or less unwisely. For man being a fallible being, he never can think or act precisely right.

SOLDIER'S POETRY.

The following verses, which have been handed to us for publication, were composed by the Sergeant of Co. B., 25th South Carolina Regiment, who is now in the Mower Hospital of this city:—

My Beautiful Stump.

I.

I have always pitied all one-armed men,
Such poor helpless creatures they seemed,
And that I myself should have come to this,
Oh, how little I ever dreamed!
Ah, boys, it is a most terrible loss!
But's no use to whimper and mump;
'Tis not half so bad as it might have been,
There's yet one arm left and—a *stump*.

II.

The one that remains is *left* in two ways,
And that makes my trial more hard;
But *n'importe*, my left, before many days,
Will rival the deeds of its pard.
Thank Heaven, my legs are safe and sound yet,
I can walk, can run and can jump;
I should be content, but pangs of regret
Will come as I gaze on my stump.

III.

I sigh as I think of its former skill—
With what cunning those fingers wrought—
How quick to obey each dictate of will,
By an unfailing instinct taught.
Now all that remains of the limb so fair,
Looks to me but a shapeless lump;
I deem it ugly—the doctor's declare
It is a most *beautiful stump*.

IV.

"A beautiful stump," vile surgical phrase,
How harshly it grates on my ear!
Ah! these surgeons' cool, professional ways,
Will soon set me crazy I fear!*
Some of these men for the use of the knife,
Seem to have a peculiar bump;
They whack off a limb, 'tis true, 'pon my life,
For sake of the *beautiful stump*.

V.

I'm a one-armed man; there are many things
I'll never be able to do;
Like a bird deprived of one of its wings,
A pitiful object to view.
I'll never be able to draw the bow,
Nor on the piano to thump;
Such things as these I must give up, and go
Through life with one arm and a stump.

Mower Hospital, Sept. 16, 1864.

* "I am not mad, but soon shall be"

The following rejoinder to the above, was written by Geo. H. Whitman, Esq.:—

A Response from Massachusetts.

I'm sorry you suffer, Palmetto's Son,
Such a loss in a quick, dexterous hand!
But you shouldn't have *suffered* that Sumpter gun
To rally the Union Band.
If your legs are sound, and you are not *mad*,
As you were sure in sixty-one,
I pray you, abjure, by the *hand you had*,
And seize the first chance to run.

From a vile, pestilential treason fly,
Take a hand by the hand that is *left*:
Let the ugly stump in an old age die,
But the land of its curse be reft.
That dear old star-flag at our births that waved,
Shall again on the Fortress stand,
Wheresoe'er, from the Pine to the Palm, it braved
The foes of the Loyal Band!

Billerica, Mass.

☞ The flashes of lightning often observed on a summer evening, unaccompanied by thunder, and popularly known as "heat lightning," are merely the light from discharges of electricity from an ordinary thunder-cloud, beneath the horizon of the observer, reflected from clouds, or perhaps from the air itself, as in the case of twilight. Mr. Brooks, one of the directors of the telegraph line between Pittsburg and Philadelphia, stated that, on one occasion, to satisfy himself on this point, he asked for information from a distant operator during the appearance of flashes of this kind in the distant horizon, and learned that they proceeded from a thunder-storm then raging fifty miles eastward of his place of observation.

The Money Order System.

The postal money order system is to go into effect on Monday next. This plan is for the transmission of small sums, not less than one dollar and not more than thirty dollars. For the service to the parties interested the following fees or commissions are to be paid in advance by the party who deposits the money. For orders for sums of ten dollars and under, ten cents; over ten dollars and not exceeding twenty dollars, twenty cents; over twenty dollars and not exceeding thirty dollars, thirty cents. A blank for the amount required is to be filled up by the applicant, who must, in all cases, give his own Christian name in full; and when the Christian name of the payee is known, it should be so stated; otherwise initials may be used. The Christian names of married women must be given, and not those of their husbands. For example, Mrs. "*Mary* Brown" must not be described as Mrs. "*William* Brown." Where the order is to be sent by, or to a firm, the usual firm name is all that need be given. The order is then given to the party applying for it according to number, stating the amount, but not stating to whom it is payable or who deposited the money. A request is at the bottom of the order that the Postmaster shall pay the money to the person indicated in the "letter of advice." The letter of advice is sent by the Postmaster with whom the money is deposited to the Postmaster who is to pay the order, and it contains the names of the depositor and of the person to whom the money is to be paid. The latter is to receive the order from the former, and most unusually it will be sent in inclosure by mail. A party who has possession of an order will be required, before payment is made to him, to state the Christian and surname of the party who sends it and his address, and also his own. This regulation is designed to prevent an unauthorized person from obtaining the amount of an order, should it by accident, fraud or theft, fall into improper hands. The Post Office Department will use all fair means to prevent dishonesty, but if an order is once paid to the party presenting it, through misrepresentation, the Government will not be liable to any further claim. The public are therefore cautioned as follows:—

"1st. To take all means to prevent the loss of a money order.

"2nd. Never to send the order in the same letter with the information required on payment thereof.

"3rd. To be careful, on making out a money order, to state correctly the Christian name, as well as the surname of the person in whose favor it is to be drawn.

"4th. To see that the name and address of the person taking out the money order are correctly made known to the person in whose favor it is to be drawn.

"Neglect of these instructions will risk the loss of the money, besides leading to delay and trouble in obtaining payment.

"Under no circumstances can payment of an order be demanded on the day of its issue."

If the money is not called for within ninety days after the date of the order, there will be difficulty in obtaining it. The regular form of the order must not be clipped or mutilated. When the payee of an order desires the same to be paid to any other person, he must fill up and sign a form of indorsement, and furnish such second party with the information required to obtain payment of his order, who, upon receiving payment, must sign his name upon the face of the order. More than one indorsement is prohibited by law, and will render the order invalid and not payable.

This system, entirely new to our country, is founded upon the English plan. In Great Britain it has been very useful, and is exceedingly popular. Properly managed, it will be in the United States an accommodation which will soon be discovered to be indispensable in the management of business between different sections of the country.

Married the Wrong Lady.

Love is a very uncertain thing, and it is not safe to be too certain of the symptoms until they are unmistakable. The following will explain our meaning:

Vienna has been stirred up, lately, by the comical result of a strange love story. It seems that in the house of one Herr Kuhne, a teacher of languages, Dr. Kant, a young lawyer, happened to make the acquaintance of a lady, burdened with some property and thirty years. The lady being unmarried, evinced particular interest in the young, shy, and rather abashed man of law. She made love to him, in fact, very strongly, and persuaded him to visit her at her house. But, alas! he loved another lady. One evening, while conversing with the doctor, she said:

"With your favorable idea of matrimony, may I ask if you ever thought of marrying yourself?"

Dr. Kant sighed, and his eyes resting on the ground, hesitatingly muttered in reply—

"I have already thought of marrying, and made my choice, but—"

"But?" the lady hastily interposed.

"But," he continued, "the lady is rich, very rich, and I am poor. I am afraid I could hardly aspire to her hand, and rather than allow myself to be taxed with sordid designs, I will bury my passion in my breast, and leave it unvowed forever."

At an early hour the following day she, however, betook herself to a solicitor, and in legal form, declared her wish to present and hand over as his property the sum of 100,000 guilden—(£15,000)—to Dr. Kant. When the document had been signed, countersigned, and duly completed, she sat down in the office, and, enclosing it in an elegant envelope, added a note to the following effect: "Dear sir—I have much pleasure in enclosing a paper which I hope will removed the obstacle in the way of your marriage. Believe, me, &c., Alice Martini." Dr. Kant, for he and no other was the addressee, was the happiest man in the world on receiving this generous epistle. Repairing at once to the parents of Fraulein Fischel, the lady of his love, he proposed for and received the hand of a girl who had long been flattered by his delicate though unvowed attentions. His reply to Fraulein Martini, besides conveying his sincerest thanks, contained two cartes de visite, linked together by the significant rose-colored ribbon. Miss Martini forthwith sued the happy bridegroom for restitution, but, as no promise of marriage had been made, the case was by two successive courts, decided against her.

☞ Milkmen are apt to get a stiff, upright carriage, and an angular movement of the arm, reminding one of a pump and the working of its handle.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

A NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE AND FASHION.

The publishers of this new Magazine, in entering upon the second year of its existence, beg leave to offer their thanks to the reading public for the support which they have so liberally extended to them. Very few Magazines have been able, in their second year, to boast of so large a circulation as that to which THE LADY'S FRIEND has now attained. Referring to the numbers already published as indicative of the character of our Magazine, we may briefly say that it will continue to be devoted to Choice LITERATURE and the ILLUSTRATION OF THE FASHIONS. It will contain the latest patterns of Cloaks, Capes, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies.

THE LADY'S FRIEND will be edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department of the following

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Our terms are the same as those of that well-known weekly paper THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *eighteen* years—in order that the Clubs may be made up of the paper and the magazine conjointly when it is so desired—and are as follows:—

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year,	$2.50
Two copies, "	4.00
Four copies, "	8.00
Eight copies " and one to getter up of club,	16.00
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One copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND *and one of* THE POST,	4.00

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND (postage paid by us), twenty-five cents

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

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☞ SPECIMEN COPIES will be sent to those desirous of getting up Clubs on the receipt of Fifteen Cents.

Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy.

☞ WHAT IS LIFE?—Darkness and formless vacancy for a beginning, or something beyond all beginning; then next a dim lotos of human consciousness finding itself afloat upon the bosom of waters without a shore; then a few sunny smiles and many tears; a little love and infinite strife; whisperings from Paradise, and fierce mockeries from the anarchy of chaos; dust and ashes, and once more darkness circling round as if from the beginning, and in this way rounding and making an island of our fantastic existence.—*De Quincey's Miscellaneous Papers.*

☞ On most occasions the importance of calmness is in exact proportion to its difficulty.

☞ A schoolboy in Hampden county was caught stealing from the teacher's desk, and his father was at once sent for. He came, and after administering a mild rebuke to his son, turned to apologize to the teacher, saying: "You see, my son has a mind so large that he thinks everything he sees belongs to him!"

☞ When the celebrated Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton, was "stating law" to a jury in court, Lord Mansfield interrupted him by saying: "If that be law, I'll go home and burn my books." "My lord," replied Dunning, "you had better go home and read them."

PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

"The Oldest and Best of the Weeklies."

The publishers of THE POST would call the attention of their host of old friends and the public to their Prospectus for the coming year. THE POST still continues to maintain its proud position as

A FIRST CLASS LITERARY PAPER,

and arrays weekly its solid and numerous columns of

CHOICE LITERATURE,

including STORIES, SKETCHES, POETRY, ESSAYS, ANECDOTES, and everything of an interesting character designed

TO INSTRUCT AND AMUSE.

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THOUSANDS OF ITS OLD PATRONS WILL TESTIFY.

Therefore

SUBSCRIBE TO THE POST,

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3. Forty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, 100.00

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then by sending on these subscriptions, and *Twenty Dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere at less than Fifty-five Dollars. If she gets thirty subscribers and Seventy-five Dollars, she will only have to add *Ten Dollars* to the amount. While if she gets forty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded. The Clubs may be partly composed of subscribers to THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired.

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One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,	4.00

☞ The matter in THE POST will always be different from that in THE LADY'S FRIEND.

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course the premium for getting up a Club may be either one or the other, as desired. Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different post-offices.

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REMITTANCES should be made in United States notes. For all amounts over Five Dollars we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities, *payable to our order*.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis.

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DEACON & PETERSON,
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Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy.

☞ The cure of diabetes is now effected in a simple manner. It is this: Taking of fresh barm or yeast three or four times a day, at the same time meeting the waste produced by the disease on the system by the free use of Dublin porter, and all the solid nourishing food the patient can take. Cardinal Wiseman has been cured of an attack by this method.

☞ Among the various improvements and inventions of the age is a patent dish-washer, made by Richards & Alexander, of Springfield, which will wash and wipe the ordinary table dishes of a family of twelve persons in ten minutes, and, as the inventors claim, "preserves the ordinary brilliancy of the crockery better," and does the work more thoroughly than by hand.

☞ A Hindoo in South India has notified the English Government to vacate that country in two years, as he will, after that period, proceed to exterminate them.

☞ The language spoken in the countries which Captain Burton travelled ought not to be hard to rhyme. He says, in the London Athenæum: "I spent six months in Unyamwezi. I collected a vocabulary of the Kinyamwezi. I conversed with hundreds of Wanyamwezi natives, all of whom called their country Unyamwezi, their individualities Manyamwezi, and their nation Wanyamwezi."

☞ A letter was received at the Provost Marshal's office in Portland, Maine, in which the name of our beloved country was written "youknighted stats." Quite as bad as the Colonel of a Maine regiment, who, it is reported, signed his name to an official document, "Kurnel Komanding."

☞ A slave in Kentucky stole $3,000 in gold from his master and ran away. When put on trial, he pleaded guilty; but as the Kentucky law is that a slave who steals from his master is not guilty of larceny, the court had to acquit him. As he was in Ohio, and the fugitive slave law repealed, his master couldn't take him back, so he goes free with his $3,000.

☞ The first overland mail from Sacramento since the beginning of the Indian troubles, has arrived at New York. It is expected that the mail will now run regularly.

What to Do When Lost in the Desert.

Leave me alone in an island ever so fruitful and abounding in game, and I should perish immediately; for I could never climb for cocoanuts, or catch an animal in a pitfall, or build a roof over my own head. As for lights, I might rub all the trees away—hard and soft—in the Tropics before I got a spark out of them; and as for getting water, unless by lying flat on my stomach, and drinking it out of a river, I should have no idea of how to set about it—where to dig, or even *how* to dig, and much less how to make a spade to dig *with*, in the first place. Yet nothing in literature pleases me better than accounts of how people do get on under circumstances of this (happily for me) exceptional kind. Mr. Francis Galton, who wrote the *Art of Travel* (if a genuine enthusiasm upon my part may excuse a vulgar phrase,) is the author "for *my* money all over the world," or nearly so; a gentleman who, if placed a sansculotte in a forest of prickly pears, or set a drift upon the Cattegat in a washing-tub, would by no means despair of his condition. Neither he nor any of the Robinson Crusoe sort of people that I have in my mind, would be at a loss what to do, no matter in how perilous—or as *I* call it, who have only a theatrical experience of such matters—in how "sensational" a position they might find themselves.

Let us suppose, for instance, that one of them, touring for his pleasure in Central Africa (a thing he is very likely to do,) finds that he has ridden too far from his party, and is left behind in the desert. The sense of desolation even Mr. Galton allows to be in such a case "almost overwhelming." For my part, I own, after galloping hither and thither till my horse was weary, I should probably see nothing for it but to dig a convenient hole in the sand, and thereby save my friends at home all sepulchral expenses. But my gentleman who makes apple-scoops out of knuckle-bones, is not so easily dispirited. He does nothing in haste or thoughtlessly, and yet everything that offers the best chance of success. In the first place, according to previous advice, he has in his pocket a small piece of looking-glass, and this he glitters towards the direction which he supposes his party has taken. He always used to be great as a school-boy in annoying the townsfolk generally, and especially the master's wife, as she sat—a supposed spy upon our actions—at the second-floor window, by dazzling them with a hand-mirror, and therefore he knows how to manage this matter, which requires some practice to do well. It is quite astonishing at how great a distance—as far, perhaps, as ten miles—its flashes will catch the sharp eyes of a Bushman who has learned to know what it is. If the sun is down, and this amusement cannot be indulged in, other methods of regaining his comrades will not be left untried. In the first place, from the moment that this Genius finds himself lost (as an Irishman would write it,) he keeps a careful log, by observing and writing down the directions in which he rides, and the time and estimated distances, else he may wander away from all help. His object, if he can retrace his own tracks, is to ride in a circle until the path of the caravan is crossed. He calculates coolly how far at the utmost he can be from his party, and makes this distance the radius of his circle or "cast;" then if he rides on one side, hoping to obtain some clue, and does not, he will ride back again in a sloping direction, and regain the circle further on. This is what our ingenious friend was used to do at "checks" in our "paper-chases" at school, and it comes quite natural to him. He will even recognize his bearings by the sand, which runs in a pretty fixed direction, owing to the prevalence of a particular wind; by the wind itself, if it happen to be blowing; or by the stars—although they are the most difficult guides of all.

Again, it is probable intense thirst will soon make itself felt. I should myself long for hock and soda-water, and vainly regret that I ever left my club in Pall Mall; but our solitary friend indulges in no such idle repinings, but steadily watches the evening flight of birds, which his experience of natural history tells him are sure guides to where water is. If a shower falls, while I stand with my mouth open catching but a teaspoonful, my born Robinson Crusoe strips his clothes off, and makes a reservoir of *them*; and, moreover, he knows that even to stand stripped in a shower of rain—a thing which mere conventional terror of the police would never suffer *me* to do—is itself a great satisfier of thirst. Then for eating: chops and potatoes, of course, are unprocurable; but one's sandals, or skin-clothing, are not to be despised when nicely browned. To cook them, however, it is absolutely necessary to procure a light; and here comes in my gentleman of the glow-worms. The "common" way (not that *I* should ever think of it) is, it seems, to put a quarter of a charge of powder into one's gun, and above it, quite loosely, a quantity of tinder. But if one has no gun! Well, then, my Dazzler reflects that the object-glass of his telescope is itself a *burning* glass, and only requires to be unscrewed for use; even his watch-glass, filled with water, will serve the same purpose; nay, the crystalline lens of a dead animal's eye has lit a fire, and saved a life ere now! (I think I see myself extracting a dead animal's eye, with the faintest hope of producing such a result!) When that preliminary is accomplished, it is easy for him (but not for everybody) to kindle a spark into a flame by blowing.

Suppose, then, our ingenious friend has eaten and drunk and warmed himself, how does he procure himself a bed? In the desert, there is not much choice of situation; but anywhere else, I know what *I* should do. I should look out for a tree, and, in default of a spring-mattress, make myself as much at home, under its protection, as I could. But the man I despised in my youth does no such foolish thing. He knows that, as soon as he lies down, the tree will be worthless as a screen; it is a roof, but not a wall. What he wants is "a dense low screen, perfectly windtight, as high up as the knee above the ground." For this purpose, he turns up a broad sod, seven feet long by two feet wide; and if he can succeed in propping it up on its edge, is a happy man and a householder. A great traveller, who ought to have been born in the Druidical era, and taught all our countrymen the art of sleeping, remarks of this particular kind of bivouac: "It is a great comfort to have scraped a little hollow in the ground, just where the hip-bone would otherwise press." But this man is a Sybarite. Let us rather listen to a more severe adviser, who never lets go his gun. Always, says he, "if you would be safe as well as luxurious, sleep with your rifle between your legs. The butt rests on the arm, and serves as a pillow for the head; the muzzle points between the knees, and the arms encircle the lock and breech, so that you have a smooth pillow, and are prepared to start up armed at a moment's notice." I should think one was also rather liable to shoot *one's self*. But what an unctuousness there is in this gentleman's style! "A smooth pillow," and "one's arms encircling"—the lock of a rifle!

However, all honor to these brave and ingenious men: for it is seldom, indeed, that their talents meet with any credit, having such little scope in these times for their exercise. Upon the prairie and in the solitary forest, they are kings of men, but in the civilized world their peculiar virtues are useless, and therefore unrecognized. One never finds out—here at home—the excellence that is in them, except, perhaps, at some picnic-party, where the corkscrew, as usual, being left behind, they astonish the company by extracting corks with a silk handkerchief—really a most wonderful performance. At the conventional dinner-table, they are dumbies, and do not distinguish themselves in any way, save at dessert, when they amuse the children by cutting pigs in the most ingenious and (to me) inimitable manner out of orange-peel.

Consumption.

This disease is so little understood, at the same time that an understanding of its cause and cure is so important, that we take pleasure in disseminating the following views from the October number of Dr. Hall's Journal of Health:

HACKING COUGH.

It is not known as generally as it ought to be, that consumption, that disease known as "common consumption of the lungs," called by many a "decline," begins with a regular hacking cough in the morning, or on getting up. In fact it is so slight at first, that it scarcely amounts to a cough; it is a mere "hem" or effort to clear the throat of something which seems to excite a little tickling sensation there, generally referred to the spot known as the hollow, at the bottom of the neck in front. The person does not imagine that it has anything whatever to do with the lungs; he insists upon it that it is only in the throat; and for weeks and even months afterwards, when it has become a decided cough, as regular as the rising of the sun, he regards it as an affection of the throat merely, and repeats the saying a thousand times, as if to reassure himself and others of the truth of it; and that if he could only get something to apply to the throat, and take away "that pesky tickling," he would have no cough, and would be as well as he ever was in his life; he strikes upon his chest triumphantly, and exclaims "all right, not the slightest pain or other inconvenience there, anyhow." To remove this tickling he has the fashionable remedy applied; a bit of sponge is dipped into a solution of the nitrate of silver, and passed down to the tickling spot, and lo it is gone! To make the matter more sure, the applications are renewed daily or several times in the course of a week or two; the physician is gratefully and liberally paid and he returns home with a heart so light and buoyant, he is ready to hug and kiss everybody he meets; is quite as jubilant as an honest man, who by great and long continued exertions, has paid the last dollar of indebtedness he owes in the world. In about two years, on an average, the throat swabbed man dies of consumption; because the nitrate of silver only destroys the sensibilities of the part by the greater wounding inflicted, when nature has recovered from the violence offered, the tickling returns, just the same as ever, and then there is the usual routine of syrups, cough drops, lozenges, troches and the like, all of which contain opium, which like the nitrate of silver, only deadens the sensibilities of the parts, but for a short period, requiring renewals every few hours; then follow the more desperate (and as vain) efforts of going to the South, to a warmer climate, or Minnesota, to die in some miserable log cabin, away off in some cheerless prairie, or bleaker "thicket," or in some more pretentious "water cure." Whole Hetacombs of the dead are piled up every year in this way from one mistaken idea. The cause of the tickling in the throat is tubercles in the lungs; the throat is the point where we get the intelligence of their beginning existence. A tubercle is of the size of the tiniest crust of bread, which, when it "goes the wrong way," that is passes into the lungs, is a foreign matter there, and so is the tubercle; nature takes the alarm, and endeavors to get rid of it, by exciting a tickling in the throat, which brings about a cough, and this cough generally, as all have experienced, continues until the crumb is dislodged. Destroying the tickling feeling here, is to remove the kindly cough, intended to bring the offending crumb away. The time to "cure consumption," is when it has proceeded no farther than the morning cough; the manner of doing it is to remove, to cause absorption of, or otherwise rendering the tubercle harmless, by developing the activities of the lungs, by correcting that "error of nutrition" which the most eminent physiologists of the age agree in regarding as the cause of tubercle; and let the tickling and the throat and the cough alone, as the friendly sentinels of danger: when the tubercle is rendered harmless, the throat will be well, and the cough and tickling will disappear. Defective nutrition is to be corrected by keeping the system in the highest state of health possible; in the breathing of large amounts of out-door air; in the consumption of nutritious food; and the working out of all impure matters from the system by moderate, continuous, interesting and profitable activities; all the while aiding nature, by such means as the scientific practitioner well understands, will keep the skin, liver, feet, and the whole digestive apparatus in the most perfect order, without which, the rendering of tubercles harmless, that is, the arrest of consumption, is absolutely and always, utterly impossible.

☞ Sherman is making preparations for another campaign, speedily to be undertaken. His army has been re-clothed and equipped, and its organization changed in many respects. In the report which he has just published of his campaign, he gives the strength of his army as 98,797, with 254 guns, and says that this strength was kept up during the whole campaign. The rebels now put his strength down at 48,000 men. We suppose Sherman is communicative upon his strength, because he knows that Hood's army, depleted two-thirds by desertion, as Davis said at Macon, cannot be an obstacle in his way.

☞ There is talk in Paris of establishing a Biblical theatre, where will be played only pieces dramatised from the incidents of the Old Testament.

The Ruling Passion.

An eminent French artist possesses a monkey, very intelligent, very ugly, but an immense pet of her owner's. Mademoiselle Nounine, however, possesses all the defects which the cynic considers to be particularly feminine. She is lazy, inquisitive, excessively addicted to sugar-plums, fruit-cake, &c., fidgety, disorderly, touching everything, breaking everything she touches, daubing her master's pictures, twisting the necks of his wife's canaries, and once upon a time pulled every feather out of a splendid parrot, in imitation of the cook, who she had seen the day before picking a fowl. A short time since, the artist, having to go out, and dreading lest Nounine should perform some new piece of mischief during his absence, bethought himself of a method of furnishing her with something to do until his return. He accordingly took the monkey on his lap, dressed her in a gay gown which had served as a model in one of his pictures, in which figures a marquis of the time of Louis XIV., painted her cheeks white and red, with a black patch under one eye, powdered her head, hung a string of beads around her neck, and then, having seated her on the floor, in a corner of the *atelier*, with a small looking-glass in her hand, left her, not without some misgiving, and promising himself not to belong away. But instead of returning early the artist was unexpectedly detained, and only got home the next morning. He rushed to the *atelier* in terror, expecting to find everything upside down, and half his pictures spoiled.

"I really must get rid of Nounine," said the artist to himself, as he anxiously unlocked the door of the studio, "for I cannot let my work remain at the little wretch's mercy!" But to his surprise and relief he found her sound asleep, exactly where he had placed her, and holding the looking-glass in her hands. Not a thing had been touched by her in the artist's absence. "The fact is," continued the cynic, "that the ugly little beast, as vain as her sex entitles her to be, had been so enraptured with her own beauty, and that of her finery, that she had remained through the entire day, absorbed in the contemplation of her charming self in the little hand-glass. Now tell me," he added, triumphantly appealing to his listeners, "does anybody believe that a male monkey would have passed a whole afternoon in gazing at himself in a mirror, and can anybody doubt, after such a proof to the contrary, that vanity is the ruling passion of the female sex!"

"We Never Drink."

The anecdote related below is worthy the attention of both soldier and civilian, for the denial of indulgence to the appetites is alike a virtue in both classes:—

On the stand were seven or eight soldiers from the Eighth Maine Regiment—civil, well-behaved, intelligent men, as was apparent from their conversation. While at the same house in Lincoln there came into the office a poor old blind man—stone blind—slowly feeling his way with his cane. He approached the soldiers and said in gentle tones:

"Boys, I hear you belong to the Eighth Regiment. I have a son in that regiment."

"What is his name?"

"John ——.

"Oh, yes, we know him well. He was a sergeant in our company. We always liked him."

"Where is he now?"

"He is now a lieutenant in a colored regiment, and a prisoner at Charleston."

For a moment the old man ventured not to reply; but at last slowly and sadly he said:

"I feared as much. I have not heard of him for a long time."

They did not wait for another word, but these soldiers took from their wallets a sum of money amounting to twenty dollars, and offered it to the old man, saying:

"If our whole company was here, we could give you a hundred dollars."

The old man replied:

"Boys, you must put it in my wallet for me, for I am blind."

But mark what followed. Another individual in the room, who had looked on the scene, as I had, with feelings of pride in our citizen soldiers, immediately advanced and said—

"Boys, this is a handsome thing, and I want you to drink with me. I stand treat for the company."

I waited with interest for the reply. It came—

"No, sir, we thank you kindly; we appreciate your offer—*but we never drink!*"

The scene was perfect—the first act was noble, was generous; the last was grand.

Thirsting to Death.

It ought not to be forgotten by any one liable to shipwreck, that thirst is quenched by soaking the clothing in salt water twice a day, or even oftener, and allowing them to dry upon the person. A noble and humane old sea-captain, Kennedy, published this statement more than a hundred years ago; yet it is very doubtful if two persons out of any company, taken promiscuously, are aware of so important a practical fact, to which the generous captain attributed the preservation of his own life and of six other persons. If sea water is drank, the salty portions of it are absorbed into the blood, and fires it with a new and more raging thirst, and a fierce delirium soon sets in. It would seem that the system imbibes the water, but excludes all the other constituents. It is known that wading in common water quenches thirst with great rapidity. Persons while working in water seldom become thirsty. And it is further interesting to know, that however soaking wet the garment may become from rain or otherwise, it is impossible for the person to take cold if the precaution is taken to keep in motion with sufficient activity to keep off the feeling of chilliness until the clothing is perfectly dried or facilities are afforded for a change; but in changing the garments after a wetting, it is always safest and best, as an additional safeguard against taking cold, to drink a cup or two of some hot beverage before beginning to undress.

☞ A man named Pourri was lately summoned on an English jury, and excused himself by saying that he was a foreigner, not able to speak English, and had to feed with his mouth five hundred young pigeons, and if he were engaged as a juryman they would die directly, as there was no other man in the country could feed them as he could. The plea was allowed.

☞ A New Jersey paper announces that the crop of buckwheat is exceedingly heavy this fall, that the grain is well filled, and that there is a prospect of its purchase at a reasonable price.

Remarkable Discovery in England.

The Liverpool (England) Mercury contains a letter from Mr. J. P. Ashton, agent of the contractors for the iron work of the bridge crossing the Mersey, at Runcorn, Lancashire, giving an account of the discovery of a human body in a most excellent state of preservation, which must have lain in the rest of death for 1,400 years. We add the account given by Mr. Ashton:—

The discovery was made in the following manner: On the 27th of August, while sinking one of our caissons, an obstacle was met with which defied the pressure exercised by our sinking apparatus. Divers were sent down, who, on removing a quantity of sand from about the base of the caissons, reported the obstacle to be a large log of wood. By help of a strong crane, and after removing the pressure from the caisson, we were enabled to draw it up to the staging, and found it to be, not a log of wood, as the divers, misled by its general attrided state, had reported, but a large coffin-shaped box of great strength, measuring about eight feet by three.

The wood had become impregnated with oxide of iron from the red sandstone, which had made it as hard as iron itself, so that it was with the greatest difficulty that we were enabled to pry open the lid. The inside, which was roughly hewn to the shape of a human body, with a large additional space at the head, was lined with a greyish, bituminous substance, and contained the body of a man in a most wonderful state of preservation. It is attired in the dress of a wealthy Roman citizen, the tunic and toga both white, embroidered with purple and gold threads, the toga fastened with a handsome gold fibula. The straps of the buskins are studded with little golden bosses. Attached to the girdle are a tablet and golden-hilted stylus. The *tout ensemble*, in fact, while not glaring, is rich and tasteful.

The body, though in civil dress, appears to be that of a legionary officer, as a large military cloak is swathed round it, and by its side are a short sword, (the famous Roman "gradium" with its belt,) a javelin, and a vinea, such as centurions used to discipline among the men. A fine onyx signet-ring, bearing the letters S. P. Q. R., and a figure of a wolf is on the finger. This I conjecture to be a symbol of authority delegated by the Roman Senate, or the then reigning emperor, to the bearer. The sword and belt also bears the initials S. P. Q. R. The head of the vinea is shaped into a rude resemblance of a Roman eagle.

The body has been embalmed in so skillful a manner as to preserve, even after this lapse of time, the features totally distinct, but is excessively fragile, crumbling at a touch; in fact it has only been preserved from total destruction by a mantle and by a quantity of cryptygamic plant allied to a common equisetum which is packed round it, keeping it steady and immovable in the coffin.

I forbear giving a more detailed account, and will proceed to mention briefly the contents of the space above the head of the corpse. A quantity of the equisetum-like herb sustains uninjured an amphora of coarse earthenware, with a yellow vitreous glaze. The handles and neck are broken off, and inside it is placed—also with packing—a beautifully executed cinerary urn of red Samian ware, containing ashes, and a small roll of vellum covered with characters, which I am unable to decipher, but I believe to be Saxon. Sprinkled through the scroll, I however find the Roman name, "Q. Sulpicius, Piso," the initials, "S. P. Q. R.," the words "legatus," "crematio," "manes," "lares," and a few others. This scroll I therefore imagine to hold the key to the enigma presented by the many anomalous appearances I have described, and am about to describe.

In the amphora, beneath the urn, are a number of ornaments of gold and silver, such as were worn by Saxon females of rank; among them is a kind of rude locket containing a long tress of glossy yellow hair. The ornaments appear to be a set, as if they had belonged to one person, and this fact, coupled with the presence of the hair, leads me to suppose the ashes contained in the urn to be those of the owner both of them and the hair.

The Amphora also contains a small packet of coins, nearly one hundred in number, of which forty-three are gold, and of the reigns of the Roman emperors, Honorius, dating A. D. 410, a few of Hadrian, Antonius, and Severus, with earlier dates. The remaining coins are silver, probably Saxon, but owing to their mutilated and defaced condition I am unable to say positively. On one only is a date visible, viz., 465.

From these dates, as well as from the Saxon ornaments, I am inclined to refer the remains to about the date of the first arrival of the Saxons in Britain. The corps may be that of one of the late emissaries of Rome to this island, or as history speaks of no political intercourse between Rome and our island at that time, he may have been connected with a religious, not a civil mission. The ashes I surmise to be those of a Saxon female. But how shall we account for the presence of the remains of a Roman and a Saxon in a common tomb? More strange still is the embalming of the Roman and the cremation of the Saxon. The position of the coffin in the bed of the river is also strange; but an overturned boat and the shifting sands may account for this. Possibly the scroll found in the urn may give an explanation of this, and till this has been deciphered we must be content to remain in the dark.

ANECDOTE OF AN ELEPHANT.—An officer in the Bengal army had a favorite elephant, which was supplied daily in his presence with a certain allowance of food; but being compelled to absent himself on a journey, the keeper of the beast diminished the ration of food, and the animal daily became thinner and weaker. When its master returned, the elephant exhibited the greatest signs of pleasure; the feeding-time came, and the keeper laid before it the former allowance of food, which it divided into two parts, consuming one immediately, and leaving the other untouched. The officer, knowing the sagacity of his favorite, saw immediately the fraud that had been committed, and made the man confess his crime.

☞ A sympathetic individual in Detroit, having heard that the substitute he sent to the war was wounded, took to his bed, from which he will get up and take to crutches as the proxy recuperates. He will claim a pension should his man be discharged or disabled.

☞ A greenhorn desires to know why crockeryware dealers are unlike all other shopkeepers; and adds very innocently, "Because it won't do for them to crack up their goods."

LATEST NEWS.

General Butler sent a reconnoissance to within two and a half miles of Richmond on Thursday. The rebels were met in small squads, and several skirmishes took place.

Gen. Butler, becoming convinced that our negro soldiers are put to work in rebel intrenchments, has notified the rebel authorities that he has also put rebel officers and soldiers at work on Dutch Gap Canal.

Gen. Asboth reached and captured Marianna, in East Florida, on the 27th ult., taking 81 prisoners, 200 horses and 400 cattle, with a loss of 32 killed and wounded.

Jeff Thompson captured Sedalia, Miss., on the 15th. The soldiers were paroled and the citizens released.

Dalton is reported to have been surrendered on the 14th. Sherman is busied in keeping his communications open. We have re-occupied Ringgold, and found the railroad safe.

Col. Osband's expedition from Natchez, on the 6th inst., surrounded the rebels at Woodville, killed 43, and captured three guns, two officers and 54 men, telegraphic instruments, a large amount of commissary and quartermaster's stores, and several hundred head of cattle.

A party of guerillas, under Col. White, crossed the Potomac into Maryland, on Friday afternoon, and after robbing the stores at Poolesville fired the place.

☞ SUBAQUEOUS APPARATUS.—An ingenious apparatus for enabling persons to remain under water, or in places filled with deleterious gases, has been contrived by a French inventor. The apparatus consists simply of a piece of wood having the form and dimensions of the human mouth when open. To this piece of wood two india-rubber tubes are fixed, of any length, according to the exigencies of the case. The man engaged in the operation is further provided with a nose-pincher, or instrument for compressing the nostrils, so as to prevent the introduction of the deleterious gas or of water, as the case may be. The operator puts the piece of wood into his mouth, and puts on the nose-pincher. He stops up one of the orifices with his tongue, and inhales pure air from the other; after which he shifts his tongue on the latter orifice, and exhales his breath through the other. He continues thus regularly shifting his tongue from one orifice to the other, in the order of the inspirations and expirations; but even a mistake would be of little consequence.

☞ SIMPLICITY IN STYLE.—A letter fell into my hands which a Scotch servant girl had written to her lover. Its style charmed me. It was fairly inimitable; I wondered how, in her circumstances in life, she could have acquired so elegant and perfect a style. I showed the letter to some of my literary friends in New York, and they unanimously agreed that it was a model of beauty and elegance. I then determined to solve my mystery, and I went to the house where she was employed, and asked how it was that in her humble circumstances in life, she had acquired a style so beautiful that the most cultivated minds could not but admire it. "Sir," she said, "I came to this country four years ago. Then I did not know how to read or write. But since then I have learned how to read and write, but I have not learnt how to spell; so always, when I sit down to write a letter, I choose those words which are so short and simple that I am sure I know how to spell them." There was the whole secret. The reply of this simple-minded Scotch girl condenses a world of rhetoric into a nut-shell. Simplicity is beauty. Simplicity is power.—*Fitz Green Halleck.*

☞ On one occasion the senior Stephenson accidentally met a gentleman and his wife at an inn in Derbyshire, whom he entertained for some time with shrewd observations and playful sallies. At length the lady requested to know the name of the remarkable stranger. "Why, madam," said he, "they used once to call me Geordie Stephenson; now I am called George Stephenson, Esquire, of Tapton House, near Chesterfield. And further let me say, that I have dined with princes, and peers, and commoners, with persons of all classes, from the highest to the humblest. I have made my dinner of a red herring at a hedge bottom, and gone through the meanest drudgery; I have seen mankind in all its phases, and the conclusion that I have arrived at is, that if we're all stripped, there's not much difference.

☞ IN LUCK AT LAST.—John Evarts, of St. Louis, became lucky after many discouragements. On being drafted he made a speech, saying:—"Boys, I've been buying lottery tickets for about twenty-five years—I bought a ticket in every raffle at the Sanitary Fair—I have bucked against the tiger at times, and am not indifferent to 'old sledge;' I never won a game in my life. But the wheel of the infernal draft did not turn twice before out came my name."

☞ A recent African traveller maintains that the Cannibal is not necessarily ferocious, that he eats his fellow-man, not because he hates, but because he loves him.

☞ In Sussex county, England, lately, a slight shock of earthquake was felt. An old woman who became much alarmed called out for the police.

☞ Much curiosity was excited recently in the vicinity of the Bank of England by the arrival of a long train of railway vans belonging to the Southwestern Railway Company, each laden with boxes containing several tons of gold and silver bullion and specie, which had just arrived by the mail-steamer Shannon at Southampton, from Mexico. Such was the quantity that it took nearly the entire afternoon to unload the vans and deposit the cases in the vaults of the bank, the total value of the treasure being $7,342,112.

☞ A NEW KIND OF FLOUR.—Grain and flour having become scarce, the rebels have devised a new source of supply, which is thus described by the Savannah Republican:—"We have a sample of sorghum flour, made of the seed of Chinese cane, which may be seen at our office. The planter who sends it to us had no means of bolting this flour, nor had he taken off the hull of the seed before grinding; the consequence is that the flour has a pinkish color. Those who have made a trial of this excellent flour represent it to be an admirable substitute for buckwheat. Made into hoe-cake, it is a very savory bread. It is likely to come into very general use, if prepared like wheat flour, by bolting." We hope it will sweeten the tempers of the rebels a little.

☞ "Steel your heart," said a considerate father to his son, "for you are going now among some fascinating girls." "I had much rather steal theirs," said the unpromising young man.

AMONG THE GRAVES.

BY ELLEN C. HOWARTH.

Among forgotten graves
I too have wandered oft at midnight hour.
But not where o'er white stones the willow waves,
Or incense floats from nightly breathing flower;
But o'er the lonely graves in mine own heart,
Where love and friendship have been buried long,
Where names are traced by sorrow's sculpture art
That never yet were breathed in jest or song:
'Tis here, forgotten by the careless throng,
I muse among the graves.

Here lies my buried hope,
With girlhood faith, torn from their fragile stem.
Alas! no Resurrection day shall ope
The earthly gates of light and life to them.
Are those grim ghosts, in winding sheet and shroud,
Which haunt at midnight hour those silent aisles,
One half so lonely as the spirit proud
That like a spectre passes through the crowd,
And while its pale, sad face is wreathed with smiles,
Is thinking of the graves?

There is no weary heart,
It matters not how reckless it hath been,
But 'mid its desert life hath left apart
Some little spot which tears keep fresh and green,—
The memory of some little golden head
Laid on that heart to still its passions strong,
Some early love, whose tender sweetness shed
A charm that lives through sorrow, sin and wrong,
And mid the loudest laugh, the wildest song,
Reminds us of the dead.

MIRIAM'S BIRTHDAY.

For ever shall she be in praise,
By wise or good forsaken:
Named softly as the household name
Of one whom God hath taken.
MRS. E. BARRETT BROWNING.

Cousin Miriam—dear, kind, patient Cousin Miriam. For I will tell you all about her, Grace, as I promised I would on this day, her birthday. On this June evening, while we two sit together here in this pleasant summer-house, where she and I used to sit on those other June evenings that seem so far away now. I will try to make you know her as I knew her; see her as I saw her—as I see her still, (looking back through the soft blue distance of years,) very good, very beautiful, very patient. I will try to draw her picture faithfully, as truly as I can, but striving my very best. I know that, after all, my portrait will fall far short of the original; still, I will do my best, Grace, my very best.

First, shall I tell you what it was that rendered her so doubly dear to our hearts?—a precious treasure to be kept, guarded, shielded by our love from the storms and rough winds that blew outside our world—our quiet, calm, stormless world of home; a sacred gift to be consecrated there; valued, tended, cherished day by day;—shall I tell you what it was, Grace? Our Miriam was deaf and dumb!

Yet she was the life of our life, joy of our joys, soother of our pain. For all the shadow that rested upon her and around her—the shadow of a great silence, the deep mysterious hush of this world's music and voices, the absence of all sweet sounds; to whom the birds sang in vain summer after summer, and bees hummed dreamily, and little brooks babbled away through pleasant woods and meadows, and children filled the air with shouting and laughter; but none of those could make our Miriam smile: and yet it was not seldom that we saw her smile—no, not seldom; and what a glad, sunny smile it was, making us who watched it very glad.

My mother said that Miriam had a secret of her own that made her glad, a ceaseless undersinging in her heart, that sang to her a sweeter song than those she might not hear. And because she heard them not, she seemed ever listening to that inner music, that helped her smiling on her silent way.

Could we help it that we loved her so, that in time she grew to be our very idol? Could we help it that, as day after day and year after year passed by us, our lives grew closer and closer to hers, so close at last, that often while we watched her we would ask each other, Could we live without her now? would it be easy to forget her, and take up again the threads of the old life that we left off weaving when she came to us; would it be very easy? And we always answered, No, how could we? For was she not the brightener of our winter, the sunshine of our June, so to speak, our angel in the house?

I was away at school when Cousin Miriam came to make her home among us; she was my mother's orphan niece, the child of her lost sister. Just two years separated us; she was fourteen, I twelve. How well I remember coming home for the holidays one midsummer day, (the pleasant summer holidays,) and finding her at my mother's side, filling a daughter's place to her.

How well I remember my first boyish impressions of her, and yet I cannot describe them as I would; but as I look at her now through the faithful mirror of memory, she comes before me as distinctly as I saw her that midsummer day, with her pale, sweet, quiet face, and soft brown hair that fell about it like a shadow; and her eyes—Grace, I thought I had never seen any eyes like them before; so loving, and earnest, and thoughtful; so eloquent with their own sweet language, out of which her young heart-world looked forth, calm, tender, and beautiful; clear, faithful eyes that, like a pure stream, reflected the stars as well as the sunlight.

Not many days went by before we each felt her presence in the house, like a sweet holy influence that wove new threads of gladness, and hope, and comfort, into our daily little joys and sorrows.

My mother's heart, if she was cast down by some household care or perplexity, would grow light again when Miriam came in at the door, and to my father she grew dearer every day. As for me, I soon learned to call her sister, and she called me brother, (speaking to each other in that mute finger-language.) We said it was in jest, but there was more of earnest than of jest in those names. I knew that afterwards, when we lost her.

O, Miriam! that was a dreary day, the day we lost you—the day you went away from us, and we had nothing left of you but your empty place and sweet memory, and the presence of a great sad blank where you had sat, or stood, or walked among us! O, Miriam! Miriam! I am glad to think you never knew how wearily we missed you. I am glad to think you could not hear that troubled cry in our hearts that was ever calling to you from morning till evening, from evening till morning, Miriam! Miriam!—and every room and corner in the house and garden only echoed Miriam. And so she lived her life among us—her quiet, kind, patient, self-forgetting life; and those midsummer holidays were the happiest I had ever spent.

What pleasant bright memories I carried back to school when they were over, (how much too quickly over,) of long days' rambles through fields, and woods, and lanes, we two all by ourselves, with the blue sky over our heads, and soft mosses and wild flowers under our feet, and sunlight around us and within us, and cool green shadows that kept many a resting-place for us, quiet, consecrated spots, (like those other resting-places we all consecrate in youth, and return to in after years with tired steps to look upon through tears of reverent affection, to sit down once again, under their cool, deep shadows, from the heat and dust of life's busy day of travel,) and of coming home at evening, when the dew was falling, and the nightingales were singing, though only one of us might listen to their sweet, mournful music—only one. And then, when "good night" came to be said, how pleasant it seemed to remember that we should meet again the next day, and the next, and the next; that we should be together every day through the long, long holidays. It was wonderful how soon the people in our village grew to love Cousin Miriam; wonderful how men and women and little children felt a throb of gladness whenever she crossed their path. Yet no, it was not wonderful, for Miriam had such a gentle, sympathising way about her, such a ready interest in all that pleased or troubled those she met in her silent way, such kindness in rejoicing with them, such skill in comforting, that people grew to love her every day, and knew it not. I was always her interpreter; through me she heard many a little household story of joys and troubles, hopes and anxieties, many a heart and life history; and through me passed back again the word of sympathy, or help, or counsel, that the sealed lips might not express, though the tender heart was always ready.

And so the years went by us; summer after summer, and winter after winter, came and went; June after June, and Christmas after Christmas, I came home for the holidays, and still that other face was there to add its smile of welcome to the dear home greetings. Yes, Miriam, my heart's own sister, you were one more drop of gladness in my cup at coming-home time; but also one drop more of pain when the last-day of the holidays came, and the last good-by was said. It was always so in our life here: each new tree that grows in our garden both bears us fruit and blossom to add to our store, and also casts another shadow across our path. Happy if, after we have gathered the flowers, we can rest quietly under the shadow, still enjoying the perfumed leaves, even while they are fading one by one in our hand. Happy if our cherished tree be an evergreen, so leaving us a shadow for rest afterwards, and not the chilling sight of cold, dry, leafless branches marking the place where the flowers have been. So the years went by us year after year till we counted six. Miriam was a woman now, and had left school and entered college. Yes, Miriam was grown to be a woman, a gentle, thoughtful, earnest-hearted woman, very good, very beautiful, very patient.

But the years which had brought strength and vigor to her inner life, unfolding day by day its quiet beauty, brought little or none to the frail outer being. Miriam was not strong, she had never been strong from her childhood. It always seemed to us that the thread of her human life but held her with a slender clasp that grew more slender every year, gently unwinding itself day by day, as if it feared to let her feel too painfully the slackening of its hold. My mother began to speak of Miriam in her letters as being delicate, that her cough made her feel uneasy; she had had it so long that she thought her paler and thinner than she used to be. Still, I knew my mother was apt to be over-anxious, so I hoped on in spite of her troubled words.

At last she wrote to say that the doctors had ordered sea air for Miriam; and so, when the long summer vacation came, we all went for a few weeks to the sea. It was a pleasant happy time we spent there, a quiet, tranquil time, filled with sunny hours, to be laid by for after-memories, treasured sacredly for ever. We used to sit for long, long hours on the shore, Miriam and I, watching the wild, ceaseless, unresting waves, that would never be still for a moment, that have never been still since the day when the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, and will never rest till the earth and the heaven shall be dissolved, and there shall be no more sea.

Long, long hours we sat there by the sea, Miriam and I, and wearied not, though to her it must have seemed but as the restlessness of a great silence, the strife and tumult of life without the music. And so we let the hours go by without ever staying to count them, sitting there watching the waves come and go, like the hopes, and dreams, and yearnings that make the tides of our life, or reading those wonderful poems of Mrs. Browning, wonderful for truth, wonderful for their rich wealth of thought, wonderful for strength, living, earnest strength.

How Miriam delighted in those poems; how I have seen her eye kindle and her cheek glow as page after page opened to some new chamber in the treasury of thought. How every chord in her nature seemed to thrill to the sure true touch of that master-hand, as it could thrill to no other—no other but hers.

Two months passed away, two bright months, and then we all went home again; and Miriam, though she had been very happy at the sea, yet was glad to be once more in the old home, glad to sit by the open window in the drawing-room inhaling the sweet breath of the flowers, that came in from every nook and corner of the garden, still glowing in all the fresh, full beauty of late summer.

We had some quiet days and weeks after that, seeing little or no change either for better or worse in our gentle invalid. Gently day by day that slender thread of her life was unwinding itself gently and painlessly. Very quietly the river was flowing away to the sea, and we who walked beside it heard it singing as it went, making sweeter and gladder music as we listened, sweeter and gladder; and we could not sigh or weep.

It was the middle of October when I returned to college; only for eight weeks, Miriam and I said to each other, the last evening before I went away—only for eight weeks; and then she put into my hand a little Bible, nicely bound, with my name and hers written in the beginning, asking me to keep it always for her sake. Surely there was little need to ask that.

I took it up to my own room, and turning over the leaves before I packed it up, I found a little mark in that verse which speaks of the land where the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing.

Why had she marked that verse now? did she feel as if from her that land was not so very far off? And the next day, as I bade my mother good-by, I whispered in her ear, "Will Cousin Miriam die, mother; is she going to leave us soon?" and my mother answered, "I hope not, Willie—I trust not. Not yet," she added (as if speaking to herself), "Oh, God! not yet;" and all my heart echoed, "not yet."

And then I went away with a hope and a fear growing side by side in my heart; but even as I watched them growing I saw that the hope had taken the deepest root. It is ever so with us; thank God, it is ever so. Wild and bitter must be the storm, sharp and sudden the uprooting, that can deprive us of that priceless tree of life which God's hand has planted in the midst of our human garden. Is it not an emblem of that other tree, growing by the river-side, in the midst of His Paradise, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations? and are not nations made up of human hearts?

Only eight weeks, Miriam and I had said to each other, on that last evening, only eight weeks; yet how slowly they seemed to pass; slowly to me, counting week by week, day by day. At last they were ended, and I left off counting; and once more the glad Christmas-time came, and once more I was at home again. How well I remember that home-coming, so different from all the others that had gone before it. My father meeting me at the door alone; the empty drawing-room, silent, deserted, and dreary, though the warm winter fire was shedding around and on everything the same bright living light it had shed there many, many Christmases; and things were in their old places, and nothing was changed; everything was just where it had always been, except Miriam. She never left her room now (my father said), and my mother watched beside her night and day.

Could we live without her now? It was years since we had ceased to ask each other that question, now we must ask it once more, yet not to each other, but to God; we must ask *Him* for strength to enable us to answer it according to His will, not ours.

And so through all that Christmas week we watched the quiet waning of her life, like the waning of a summer moon. Calmly, hopefully, without the shadow of one passing cloud to cross its brightness, we watched it fade away before the golden sunrise of that other life which is for ever. And when our watch was ended we could but sit and weep for our loss: but soon there came to stay our tears the thought of how she was among the angels, joining all their praise, in the land where the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing. So now, Grace, can you wonder why it was I was so anxious that our little daughter there should be called Miriam—can you wonder, Grace?

SONG OF VIVIAN.

In love, if love be love, if love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:
Unfaith in aught, is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's lute,
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

It is not worth the keeping; let it go.
But shall it? answer, darling, answer, no;
And trust me not at all, or all in all.

THREE NIGHTCAPS.

The Chateau des Fees was a large old-fashioned mansion, standing in the midst of beautiful grounds in the fertile province of Normandy. The house was built comparatively low, with a noble porch supported on massive granite pillars before the front, and elegant figures round the parapet on the roof. Had it not been for the thick walls and slightly contracted windows a casual observer might suppose it had been but lately erected, whereas it had existed for several centuries, having mutely witnessed from afar the cruel fate of the Maid of Orleans and the triumph of Henri Quatre, and given kindly shelter to the imperious Margaret of Anjou with her noble boy.

Tradition also relates that Francis I. was graciously pleased to select the grounds of the chateau for an open-air festivity; but, as the historians of the time have omitted to mention the fact, it is doubtful; it is quite certain, however, that a more appropriate place it would be difficult to find. The chateau itself is built on an eminence, commanding a lovely view from all sides, and is surrounded by a tasty garden divided into lawns, flower-beds, terraces, and intricate winding path which at last lose themselves in a wood, through which flows a stream, generally shallow enough to be crossed by means of large stepping-stones placed in it for the purpose. In times of heavy rain the stream becomes swollen, and dashes over the gray mossy stones with a stormy violence that seems to threaten destruction to the drooping ferns growing on either bank.

My uncle, Monsieur Francois de B——, was the owner of the castle at the time of which I am writing—the earlier part of the present century. He had inherited it from his mother's brother, but had until his uncle's death, lived in England with his parents, his father being an Englishman. With the estate he also inherited a considerable sum of money, which was more than sufficient to keep up such an establishment as the size of the house required. My uncle determined, therefore, to reside at the Chateau des Fees, declaring that the bright sunshine of France suited him better than the cold atmosphere of England.

It was secretly whispered that this sentiment implied more than it expressed; and it was even asserted that a young English lady of a *grande famille* had jilted him in earlier days, and that he had never recovered the shock. How far this assertion was true I have never been able to ascertain; but it was quite evident that any *affaire du cœur* had not had ill effect on his kindly nature and disposition; for he was gentle and considerate to every one, and beloved by all who knew him. He was a bachelor, and for this reason had generally one of his nieces from England staying at the chateau to keep house for him, and prevent his growing "a crabbed old man," as he laughingly expressed it.

It is proverbial that all old bachelors have peculiarities; and I must own that, in one instance, my uncle was not exempt from this sweeping rule. His peculiarity was certainly rather a curious one; it was this—that he never went to bed without wearing three nightcaps.

My uncle suffered from occasional attacks of neuralgia in the head, and for this reason was obliged to be rather careful; but rheumatism was essentially a family complaint, and my uncle held it as a theory that this was caused by persons sleeping with their heads exposed to the night air. "Why, he argued, should one heap blankets all over the body and leave the head uncovered? One breathes through the nose and not through the back of one's head; therefore," said he, "it is only necessary to leave the former member exposed."

My uncle's nightcaps were not all alike. The first was made of scarlet flannel, (being a warm color,) and had lappets attached to the end, which completely covered the ears, and were tied with a string under the chin. The next was a thin elastic cotton cap, more, it would appear, for the purpose of keeping the other in its place than that of warmth. The third and uppermost was in every sense the most important; to give an exact description of it would be a matter of difficulty, as it appeared on different nights. At one time it would be of black velvet, at another of scarlet cloth braided tastily with gold braid, or embroidered with flowers of many hues.

My uncle's partiality for handsome nightcaps was so well known that many of his lady friends and nieces would make them for him; and I have heard my uncle seriously declare that on his fiftieth birthday he received no less than nineteen different nightcaps.

During the month of November, 1830, I was visiting my uncle at the Chateau des Fees; it was very disagreeable weather, but we managed to be very happy. Many of my uncle's friends were in the habit of spending a few hours with him in the evening, which made the time pass pleasantly. One evening the *curé* of the parish and the village *notaire* had been spending a few hours at the house. It was a dull rainy evening, and the wind blew in gusts. My uncle did not like the idea of his two friends leaving him in such weather; and, as they were on the point of starting, he drew them back and begged them to stay during the night. The village priest only laughed, and said that mine host evidently did not know the life of a *pasteur* or he would not think much of going out in a little shower; and the lawyer said my uncle was far too considerate and kind.

"Nonsense," said my uncle; "don't call it kindness to save a friend a mile's walk in weather in which it is not fit for a dog to put his nose out of his kennel."

"Bah! the weather will not penetrate our thick greatcoats; so, if that is all you fear, good-night!"

"Ah! but," argued my uncle, "that is not all I fear. You know how many persons have lately been pulled up by highwaymen, and have had their pockets rifled, and been seriously discomforted in many ways. Come, now, give up the idea of going home, and stay here instead."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the attorney; "so we are to be pick-pocketed during a short mile's walk, which we have both taken hundreds of times on many darker nights, and at later hours too. No, no; I really believe you are nervous yourself, and want us to stay and help to frighten away the bogies. Is it not so?"

"No, indeed," retorted my uncle; "I am far too matter of fact to trouble my head about bogies, material or immaterial, until they really make their appearance at the chateau."

My uncle's manner seemed, however, to belie his words; for he gave a nervous little cough, which he tried to convert into a laugh as he finally shook hands with his friends: and thus they departed.

It was indeed a fearful night. Every moment the wind rose higher, and blew round the old mansion with such violence that it seemed to threaten destruction to the very walls. It was about eleven o'clock when my uncle retired to his room. This was a large old-fashioned chamber, quite in keeping with the rest of the castle; its walls were gloomy with tapestry of an ancient date; the door was hung in such a manner that it was difficult to detect whether it opened from within or without, or indeed whether any door existed at all. Opposite was a fireplace, which, instead of a stove, contained iron dogs, on which blazed a bright wood fire.

Between the door and the fireplace was a large bay window, in which stood the dressing-table; on the table was a large looking-glass gloomily reflecting the heavy-looking four-post bed. As may be supposed from what has already been said, dressing his head for the night formed no inconsiderable portion of my uncle's toilet. To-night he seemed depressed, apparently by the moaning of the wind, and he moved uneasily about the room: first he walked to the window and looked into the darkness; but not being able to detect anything there, he turned to the fire, and after gazing moodily for a few moments at the burning logs, commenced the important business of assuming his night-gear. First came the scarlet flannel cap, which was carefully drawn on over the ears, and the strings tied. Suddenly my uncle assumed a listening attitude.

"Did I not hear a laugh?" said he to himself. "Surely I heard something. Oh! but nonsense! Bah! what am I dreaming of?" And he took up his second nightcap and proceeded to place it gravely over the other, and then, lastly, a gorgeous one of black velvet embroidered with beads.

Again my uncle started, for he distinctly seemed to hear some one laughing. He glanced uneasily around: all was still save the noise of the wind bowling through the trees. Again he tried to quiet his rising fears, and once more riveted his attention on the mirror before him. The figure therein reflected was certainly calculated to excite a smile, for it was curious to see such a benevolent, kind face in a huge velvet cap with a fringing of black, yellow, and red, to say nothing of ear-lappets and strings. It is often the case, when looking in a mirror, that one does not look at the object one seeks to see, but the eye wanders to other things reflected in it. This was the case with my uncle to-night. His eye wandered from himself to the bed, and from the bed to the floor, which seemed strangely distorted: it appeared to form a steep hill, as seen in the glass. But what was that black thing on the apparent hill, between the bed trimmings and the carpet? He leant forward to examine the glass more closely, but as he did so, he started back with a slight scream, for the black looking object on the carpet was the heel of a man's boot. He turned quickly round to ascertain if there really existed such a thing, and there was nothing to be seen; the valance just touched the carpet and seemed perfectly undisturbed. He then began to reason that it must have been an optical delusion; that the noise of the elements had made him nervous. And then he almost resolved to lift the valance and look if there were a man under the bed. This, however, proved too nervous a task for even my brave uncle. "If," he said to himself, "a robber really be there, he will doubtless try to put me *hors de combat*, which would not be pleasant in the mildest form." So at last my uncle decided on getting into bed as though nothing unusual had occurred, and then ring for his man-servant Jacques, and try to make him acquainted with his perilous situation. My uncle, therefore, put out the candle, and then exclaimed aloud, "Oh! I have forgotten to order my carriage for to-morrow morning," and thereupon rang the bell. In a few moments Jacques appeared, somewhat surprised at being summoned at so late an hour.

"Jacques," said my uncle, "I have been obliged to ring for you"—laying a stress on *obliged*, and at the same time pointing downwards with his hand—"as I forgot to tell you that I shall require the carriage to-morrow morning at eight o'clock. You must go to Pierre *to-night*, and tell him to prepare the horses for a long drive." My uncle again pointed downwards, and then raised his hands in an attitude of distress. "Do you understand me, Jacques?"

"Mais, oui! monsieur, replied Jacques.

But no; Jacques did not understand the danger yet—what was to be done?

"Jacques," said my uncle, "it is a very bad night, is it not? Ah! just the night for highwaymen to attack unprotected travellers, or for housebreakers to rob the larders of exposed houses. Do not forget to go to Pierre *immediately*." Saying this my uncle again made a downward sign, and again raised his hands in supplication.

"Good night, Jacques. Do you understand me—about the carriage?"

For a moment Jacques stood hesitating on the threshold of the door, but in an instant a brighter look came over his face as he answered—

"Oui, je comprends bien ce que monsieur veut dire."

He then retired, and my uncle tried to compose himself until help should arrive; but every moment his anxiety grew deeper; he could not but believe there was a man under the bed on which he was lying; for, even had the heel of the boot been a mistake, the laugh could have been no delusion. Again, if a man were really there, it could be for no good purpose; it might be to rob his house, or it might be even to take *his life*. He calculated that he must already have awaited Jacques's arrival more than an hour, but still he came not. Perhaps he had not understood the fearful prospect before my uncle; perhaps Jacques was even now sleeping calmly and never dreaming of ill. Then a still worse thought would steal into his mind: perhaps Jacques was an accomplice in the plot, and was to share the booty; yet Jacques had always been faithful and honest, so why distrust him now? As the rain pattered down the chimney and fell spattering on the warm logs, my uncle would fancy it was the sound of the pistol in the hands of the robber being cocked and primed for the dire attempt. An hour and a half passed away, and then he fancied he heard a slight movement in the hall. Yes; some one was ascending the staircase—two or three men were evidently coming up. "Oh!" thought my uncle, "it is the rest of the gang: all is over with me;" when suddenly his bed-room door was burst open, and in walked the faithful Jacques followed by Pierre and two strong gendarmes. They each carried a lantern; and, whilst one stood at the door, two placed themselves on each side, and the other at the foot of the bed. In another moment two men were dragged from under the valance, both of whom were armed with daggers and pistols.

The gendarmes produced some handcuffs and placed them on the wrists of the two deplorable-looking fellows, who began to howl piteously during the operation, and threw themselves on their knees, declaring they were starving; that they only intended stealing bread enough to eat; that, as for hurting monsieur, it was the thing farthest from their thoughts. The gendarmes commanded them to be silent, adding that the more they said the worse would be their chance of punishment, and, with the help of Pierre, led them out of the room. In an hour's time they were safely lodged in the lock-up of the neighboring village. Jacques remained with my uncle, who by this time had forgotten his fright, and was full of pity for the two men. "Perhaps," said he, "they really did want bread. I cannot believe they meant to do me personal injury."

Jacques tried to dissuade him from this charitable opinion, though, as it turned out, he did not succeed; for, a month afterwards, when their trial came on, my uncle refused to appear against them, declaring that nobody could have intended to perpetrate much mischief who could laugh at his nightcap, and that, if the men had intended to do him harm, they had had quite sufficient punishment in being shut up for a month. In vain did the village *notaire* argue the point with him; in vain did the *curé* declare it was a duty owed to society at large to prosecute the men; and he foretold no good out of such uncalled-for leniency.

My uncle's only reply was that kindness is sure to have its own reward; and to his dying day he always believed that his clemency in this instance saved him from any more midnight robbers. "For," said he, "had the men been more severely punished they would most likely have made another attempt to murder me, and might even have succeeded; but, as I forgave them, their gratitude preserved me from further annoyance."

My uncle, ever after this, used to declare his belief that good may often grow out of evil; for, without neuralgia, he would never have worn so many nightcaps, and, without the nightcaps, the robber under the bed would not have been tempted to laugh and so betray himself.

☞ A boy has been arrested in Paris for stealing cats, which his father killed and sold to cheap eating-house keepers of that city.

ALBERT DURER.

True artists live within the clouds,
And shadow forth a purer
And fairer life than that of ours:
So lived old Albert Durer.

But lest old Albert should begin
To think him more than human,
God gave him, to subdue his pride,
A very angry woman.

And when he fashion'd angels' heads,
And painted eye and lip, he
Was cured of his too heavenly dreams
By this morose Xantippe.

Within a little room up-stairs
Worked Albert late and early;
Beneath he heard her supple tongue,
That ceased its rattle rarely.

For, like a kite, he sought the sky,
And soar'd on wing elastic,
Until she pull'd the string, and brought
Him down to cares domestic.

And still within his placid face
You see the sad expression;—
Poor Albert's story teaches us
A somewhat useful lesson!

For when I envy him his fame—
The critics' fume and furor,
I look at Letty, and am glad
That I'm not Albert Durer!

WILLIAM BLACK.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyatt," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

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PART XLVI.

WEARY DAYS.

The cold, bitter, biting winter passed away, and when the lovely spring came round again, little trace was left of its effects, save in the remembrance of those in whose homes sickness, or privation, or death had been busy.

Two of those visitations had been rife in the poor home of Caroline Cray; sickness and privation. Perhaps you noticed Caroline's reply to Dick's question of whether Mark had no money; there was a little left, she said, not much. Left from what? Dick did not ask.

If ever an unfortunate company had come to grief more completely than other unfortunate companies, it was surely that noted one, the Great Wheal Bang. Sympathising friends—Barker's and Mark's—were wont to assure those gentlemen that they had "managed wretchedly;" and if we may dare to assume that the reproach was levelled at the fact of their having secured nothing for themselves, it was a right one. On the day that Mark Cray went up to the offices for the last time, he had but a trifling sum of money about him; Caroline had even less in her own purse; and that was all. Barker's word of precaution had secured the diamond ring and studs, and these were converted into money, Mark and Barker equally dividing the spoil. Barker with his share took a little tour abroad while the cloud blew over; Mark, as you have seen, went into hiding, and lived upon his part as long as it held out.

Yes, it was an unhappy fact, very debasing indeed after all the glory of Grosvenor Place, lowering as you may feel it to be to this history, Mr. Mark Cray hid himself by day, and slipped out to take the air at dusk in a moustache and blue spectacles. Mark Cray could but be a coward in the hour of trial; he ran from the danger instead of facing it. Had Mark but looked the angry shareholders and the trouble in the face, he need not have been so very fearful; but to look a difficulty in the face was not in the nature of Mark Cray. He scarcely understood what he was afraid of; he did not know what they could do to him; whether imprison him, or make him a bankrupt, or what; and Mark would rather have jumped into the sea than ascertained. He was exactly like a child who runs away screaming from a dark closet, and dare not look to see whether cause for terror is there. Some of us, my friends, have been sadly frightened at shadows.

When this state of affairs was to end, and what was to get Mark out of his difficulty, he did not at present see. As long as the money lasted, he was not unduly anxious. He had great faith in something "turning up," he had unlimited faith in Barker; and Barker's letters were pretty frequent, and in the highest degree cheering. Barker happened to have a cousin, about the nineteenth remove, settled at Honfleur in Normandie, and Barker had steered for the same port, and seemed to be living at ease there. Towards the close of the winter, he wrote word to Mark that he had something good in contemplation, connected with Paris, and if it came to anything Mark should share in it.

But when Mark's money was gone, things changed. He grew restless and gloomy. He could not starve, he could not go to the workhouse; he must do something. Miss Bettina Davenal would not help them; she said she could not—perhaps with justice. Leopold Davenal had been an expense to her, and was still; he went back to school after the Christmas holidays with Dick, but he was not strong yet, and sundry expensive extras were provided for him out of her pocket. That was not much; but a heavier expense had fallen upon her; for she had repaid Mr. Wheatley the two hundred pounds borrowed by Sara. Sara had disclosed to her aunt the fact of borrowing it, and in her pride Miss Bettina had made a sacrifice and repaid the sum. She had none left to bestow on Mark; there was clearly no help to be had from her.

And Caroline? You can take a look at her as she sat in the sun, which was shining into the room this bright day in early April. Perhaps you remember a remark Dr. Davenal once made—that Caroline was not one, as he believed, to bear well the adversities of life. Dr. Davenal was quite right; neither physically nor mentally did they agree with poor Caroline.

I don't know whether anybody gets ill at once under a great shock. Caroline had not. When it fell upon her, she was too stunned, too entirely surprised, to be anything but bewildered. It may be questioned if a change so sudden—from seemingly assured prosperity, to hiding and disgrace and poverty—has ever fallen. You may feel inclined to question it in this instance; nevertheless, I repeat that I am telling you the simple truth. The reaction had come now, and Caroline Cray gave way sadly. Her cough, that Dick remarked upon, had got well; but she would lie back in her chair all day, and it seemed next to impossible to get her out of it.

But if the body was at rest, the mind was only the more active. Caroline's hours, in point of fact, were pretty equally divided between outward complaining and inward lamentation. Such lamentation is nearly always rebellious, and so was hers. The blow had been so complete; the change was so very great! All that pomp and vanity, all the luxuries, the carelessness, the pleasure attendant on that one past sunshiny wave in life's current, to have given place to this! Perhaps the worst mortification, looking back, was that the play seemed to have been so *unreal:* as if they had no right to indulge in it, were such fools to have embarked in it, worse than fools to have believed in it. Mortified, fretful, miserable, Caroline Cray seemed to live but in repining and repentance. Mark was different. He neither repined nor repented: he was always restless, always expecting something to turn up; and he would stalk up and down the room, giving tongue to all sorts of wild visions of what he would do, were he but clear of the world and the Great Wheal Bang.

As he was doing now. While Caroline sat listless and inert in her chair, Mark was indulging a dream of the future, sanguine as a child. He had lately taken to consult the newspapers, and one tempting advertisement in particular had that morning attracted him. Mark Cray was acquiring that experience which comes inevitably in a life of vicissitude: he had yet to learn how many of these advertisements are but traps for the unwary; how next to impossible to be the one successful applicant, if they are genuine. But ever and anon Mark's dream was brought unpleasantly to a break, as the recollection intruded itself that he was not a free man.

"You see, Carine, if I were but clear of that resentful company, there are a hundred good things to be picked up. I'm sure there's a dozen at least in the paper every day. That's a splendid thing, I know, that one advertisement of this morning; any fellow securing that—"

"Where's the use of talking of it?" interrupted Carine. "It all comes to nothing. You know you are not clear of the company."

She spoke in a fretful, peevish tone. Just at first, Mark's sanguine visions of rising again more gloriously than ever, like a phœnix from its ashes, had somewhat infected her, but she was learning what they were worth: as she had just said, "it all came to nothing." Utterly weary was her spirit. Hope deferred making the heart sick; but hope destroyed—and it had come to that with Caroline Cray—maketh it die.

Physical privation tells terribly on the mind as well as the body, and it was telling upon her. They were next door to starving. What made it worse for Caroline was, that hers was a constitution *requiring* the best of nourishment. The Davenals were a healthy family, but there had been a taint in her mother's blood. These physical privations would alone have made Caroline fretful: and she could not help it.

"I shall be clear of it soon," said Mark.

"But how?"

Even sanguine Mark could not detail the precise means by which the emancipation was to be accomplished.

"Oh, somehow," said he, in his careless way. "The company must wind itself up."

"Why can't you apply to Oswald?"

He shook his head very decisively.

"I can't face *him*. And if I did, he'd not assist me. He has lost too much, and is sure to bear malice."

"Are we to go on like this for ever?"

"I hope we shan't go on so for a month. I wish you'd not talk so, Caroline."

"How am I to talk? You have been saying the same all along."

"Well, it's of no good your looking on the dark side of things. You are always doing it, now."

Caroline was silent for a few moments, when she suddenly lifted up her hands, and her voice broke into a passionate wail.

"Oh, if that money had but been settled on me, as Uncle Richard wished! This must be a judgment upon us for defying his last commands."

"Rubbish!" said Mark.

"Are we to go out in the street and beg?" she plaintively asked.

"Are you going to be a child? One must get a rub or two in passing through life, Caroline. Barker has been down upon his beam ends five or six times, just as much as we are, but it has always come right again."

She relapsed into a fit of weeping; half her hours, a-bed and up, were so spent. Mark had ceased either to soothe or reproach: he had tried both, but ineffectually; and now was fain to let her weep, simply because he was helpless to prevent it. Mark Cray could not be unkind; he was not that; but he was hardly the right sort of husband for adversity. Shallow-minded, shallow-hearted, possessed of no depth of feeling, there seemed something wanting in him now. He did his best to cheer his wife; but the result was not satisfactory.

The fits of weeping would sometimes go on to hysterics: sometimes stopped just short of it. As this one stopped. Caroline suddenly roused herself, and looked round wearily at the mantelpiece, as if there where a time-piece there, perhaps in momentary forgetfulness. Grosvenor Place had been rich in such; elegant bijous, worth no end of money.

"I wish Sara would come!"

"Sara!" repeated Mark, halting in his monotonous promenade.

"I wrote to her to come."

She spoke the words half defiantly. Sara, in consequence of the discovery of Master Dick Davenal, had come to see them once; but she was not encouraged to repeat the visit. Mark especially was against it. "If we have them coming here, we may get dropped upon," he had said to his wife; "it would never do." But poor Caroline, wearied out with the wretched loneliness that seemed to continue month after month, and to have no end, had at length written to her cousin.

"Why did you not tell me, Caroline?"

"You might have forbade me."

"It's just what I should have done. We don't want her here. What good will she do?"

"What good will anything in the world do? I wish I was out of it!"

Mark Cray began to ask himself the question whether the expected visit could be stopped now. He had an intense dislike to meet Sara Davenal: we all shrink from meeting those whom we have injured directly or indirectly. But the question was set at rest by Sara's entrance, and Mark, after a short greeting, disappeared.

All Caroline did for the first quarter of an hour was to sob hysterically. Sara, in slighter mourning now, unfastened the white crape strings of her straw bonnet, and sat over her in dismay, her sweet face full of compassion for the change she saw.

"I want to know how it all is to end," were the first distinct words Caroline uttered. "Am I to stop here till I die?"

A question difficult for Sara to answer. "Is Mark doing nothing?" she asked.

"He is doing nothing. He can't do anything while that business of the Wheal Bang hangs over him. If that were settled, there are fifty things he might get into. And if it can't be settled, we may both of us as well die at once as be famished to death. For that's what it would come to. Those poor creatures that shut themselves up with the fumes of charcoal are not so much to blame, after all."

"Caroline!"

"Well, I mean it," returned Caroline, a sullen tone beginning to mingle with her sobs. "It is all very well for you to exclaim 'Caroline!' as if I were mad: but you don't know what sorrow is. Nobody does until poverty comes."

Sara thought that there were worse sorrows to be borne in the world than poverty. And she was right; bad as poverty, to those unaccustomed to it, undoubtedly is. "What can I do for you?" she gently asked.

"Here we are, buried alive, and nobody comes near us! Sara, if you only knew how I yearn for a home face!—how I lie and cry for it!"

"Mark—and you also—said I must not come, lest it might lead to discovery."

"Neither must you, I suppose. At least, not often. But sometimes I think it would be well if discovery happened. There'd be an end to this uncertainty, at any rate. What is Mark to do, if the thing can't get settled?"

She asked the question in strange earnestness, and Sara was struck with the yearning beauty of the uplifted face, of the wasting form. The violet eyes were larger than of yore, the cheeks were of a delicate crimson, and the hands were long and white, and thin.

"But can it not get settled?" returned Sara.

"We have nothing to eat, you know. That is, there's bread, and such like; but I can't eat it. Mark will dine on bread-and-cheese, or a thick slice of bread-and-butter; and he really does not seem to mind; but I can't. Oh, Sara! if I could but have a good dinner!"

Sara caught up her breath. What comfort could she give?

"Sometimes, when I am sick with hunger, I lie and imagine the dinners we used to sit down to in Grosvenor Place. I *imagine* it, you know; that they are before me now, and I am eating them. Turkey and bread sauce, or salmon and lobster sauce—it's nearly always substantial things I think of, I suppose because of my hunger—and I quite seem to taste them; to eat through a whole plateful. Sara, it is true."

Sara Davenal had heard the doctor speak of some kinds of hunger as a disease, and could only suppose this must be one. I wish—I wish I could help you!" she murmured.

"You can't, I know. You have it not in your power, and Aunt Bettina won't: she's implacable. I did not send for you to ask it. But Sara, there's Oswald Cray. If you would ask him, perhaps he might do something for Mark."

The words startled her.

"Ask Oswald Cray!"

"I think if he would listen to any one, it is you. I don't forget how fond he used to be of you in the days gone by. Indeed, I got to think—but I was wrong, I suppose, so let it pass. Oh, Sara, you'll ask him for my sake! Don't abandon us quite. I think he might help Mark out of this difficulty. Perhaps he might see the company, and get them to be friendly with Mark; or perhaps he'd pay a few of Mark's pressing debts. It might not take much money."

"But why cannot Mark ask him?"

"He won't. Mark would rather it came to the charcoal—not that anything of that sort would ever be in *his* line—than apply to Oswald. There was some trouble between them about the money Oswald put into the mine, and Mark has kept away from him since. That is just why I have sent for you. Mark will not apply to Oswald; no, not if it were to save him from prison; and I don't feel well enough to go, and my bonnet's shabby. Oh, Sara, when a recollection comes over me—and it is always coming—of the nice clothes I had and how foolishly they were abandoned, I feel fit to go mad. Any way, unless a change takes place, I shan't want clothes long. Sara, surely you will do for us so trifling a thing as this!"

To pursue the interview would be waste of time. When Sara Davenal quitted her cousin, it was with a given promise to see Oswald Cray. Very much indeed did she shrink from it; as much as she had shrunk from those interviews with Mr. Alfred King: but she saw no other means to help them; and in truth she did not anticipate much would come of this.

Money seemed to be wanted everywhere. Miss Bettina complained sadly of shortness: the repaid money to Mr. Wheatley had crippled her: and Captain Davenal's letters to Sara dwelt on his embarrassments. They told her privately how "hard up" he was, and, in his random meaningless way, said he should have to run away to Australia and dig for gold, unless some dropped shortly from the clouds. Captain Davenal's wife, as it turned out, was only an heiress in prospective; but he appeared excessively fond of her, anxious to supply her with every luxury: and we all know that a married captain's pay, without other means, does not accord with luxuries in India.

His wife! Over and over again Sara asked herself how it was possible Edward could have married her, how he could speak of her in the fond manner that he did, if there really existed that impediment. All the trouble and the care seemed to fall upon herself, individually; upon her own hidden heart. So long as there existed a grain of doubt, she could not speak of this to Edward; and besides, the letter might fall into the hands of his young wife.

Personally Sara had not been annoyed by Catherine Wentworth. Occasionally through the winter and spring she had seen this young woman hovering outside, waiting for Neal; twice she had come boldly to the house, knocked, and asked for him. Miss Bettina's keen eyes had seen her once.

"Is it one of your nieces, Neal?" she graciously asked; "pray invite her in."

"Oh, no, ma'am, she is no relative of mine," returned Neal, with poisted emphasis.

Sara's breath had quickened at the colloquy; but it ended there. She was surprised at this immunity from personal annoyance, and wondered how long it would be hers.

It was a coincidence rather remarkable that Oswald Cray should be at the door when Sara returned home from the visit to Caroline. About once in three months he made a call of politeness on Miss Davenal. Sara met him turning away: Miss Davenal was out and he had left his card. He would have passed her after shaking hands; his visit was not to her; but Sara detained him; her cheeks in a glow at having to do it.

"It is very strange," she exclaimed. "I was but now thinking how I could best get to see you. Do you mind coming in with me for five minutes?"

He returned with her, perhaps all too willingly: a great many of us are tempted to stray from the strict line of duty marked out in our own minds. Sara led the way to the drawing-room, and told him where she had been and what Caroline said. The declining sun—for the afternoon was drawing towards its close—fell on Oswald as he sat listening to her. It was the same noble face that she had so loved to look upon; calm, still, *good:* but somehow all its youth seemed to have passed away. The eyes had a look of habitual sadness; some silver threads mingled with the dark chestnut hair. She simply repeated Mrs. Cray's words, almost as a child repeats a lesson; throwing no persuasive tone, no pleading of her own into it, for she felt that she had no right to do so.

"Did Mark Cray wish you to ask me this?" he inquired, as she ceased the tale.

"Not Mark. Only Caroline. By what she said, I fancy Mark Cray feels—feels ashamed to ask you anything."

"And he well may," answered Oswald, the old look of pride unpleasingly crossing his face. "I could have borne almost anything from Mark better than deliberate deceit. I cannot—no, I cannot forgive it."

Neither spoke for a few moments. Sara had untied her bonnet strings, and sat with her face a little bent; the eyes raised straight to him in their simple trust. He had one glove off; it was a black; and he was gently swaying it as his elbow rested on the arm of the chair.

"I cannot quite understand what it is that Mrs. Cray would ask me. She cannot seriously expect that I should pay Mark's debts. His personal debts alone would take I imagine, a far deeper purse than mine. I am but making my way upwards, and Mark has taken care to put me back to an extent I shall not readily recover. Pay Marcus Cray's debts! It is not within my power, any more than it would be within my will."

Sara was silent, save for a glance. It said how foolish she herself had thought the demand.

"I very much fear that Mark Cray is one of those men who want others to 'pay their debts' throughout life," he resumed. "There are such. Where he free to-morrow, he would be embarrassed again in a year. To assist such men is no charity."

"Do you think anything can be done to clear him of the company?"

"Not while he keeps aloof. Mark himself must know it to be impossible; or ought to know it. The only chance for these affairs to be wound up, is for him and Barker to come forward."

"Yes, I thought so," she answered. "But—Caroline tells me—they are near upon starving!"

"More shame to Mark!" exclaimed Oswald. "I cannot *describe* to you how this affair has pained me. Mark is my father's son, and his disgrace seems to be reflected upon me. His hiding himself is the worst part of it all. While he does so, he is only prolonging the trouble and the ill. Believe me, it would not be a kindness to help Mark. Let him come forward as a man and a gentleman ought; that would be the best help to him."

Sara felt that he was right: but she felt also that Mark would *not* come forward; and what was to be the ending?

"They are living in only one room; it is at—"

"Don't tell it me!" impulsively interrupted Oswald, something like anger in his tone. "I would not for the world be made cognizant of Marcus Cray's hiding-place. People have come to me for it times and again; and I am thankful to assure them in all truth that I know it not."

He rose, as if wishing to put an end to the subject, and held out his hand to Sara.

"At least you will forgive me for presuming to trouble you so far," she murmured. "I could not help it: Caroline besought me very piteously."

His dark blue eyes, so earnestly bent on her, gave sufficient answer, even without the pressure of the hand, the tender tone of the low words.

"You should not speak of it in that light. If you knew how great a pleasure it is to me for you to ask me anything! I had almost said—it is the only one left to me in my matter-of-fact, working life. You and I have none too much of such: it seems to me that we both have to suffer for the wrong doing of others."

Miss Davenal met him at the room-door. She had just come in. Sara, perhaps as an apology for entertaining Mr. Oswald Cray all by herself, mentioned her visit to Caroline, and the message she had been charged with to Oswald. Miss Davenal lifted her hands in haughty rebuke. It was very evident that her opinion of Mark and his affairs was more severe than that of Oswald.

"Find money to put Mark Cray straight! Sara had the face to ask you *that*, Mr. Oswald Cray! I wonder what the world is coming to? Did she think you had not suffered enough by him already?"

"Aunt! aunt! It was Caroline. If you could but see her!"

"*I* have suffered; suffered in many ways," continued the angry lady, utterly unmindful of the pleading interruption. "Had Mark Cray and his wife been as well behaved as they have been ill, I could not have helped them. My money has been drained from me, Mr. Oswald Cray. Sara had two hundred of it to repay Mr. Wheatley a sum borrowed from him. Heaven knows why she borrowed the money, or what she did with it. I don't."

He looked involuntarily at Sara. She stood with drooping eyelids, and her face changed to pain. Yes, both—all—had to suffer for the wrong-doing of others.

PART XLVII.

SOMETHING "TURNED UP" AT LAST.

You might have taken a picture of the group in Mark Cray's room to-day, if only by way of contrast to that of yesterday. The living figures were the same: Mark, his wife, and Sara Davenal; but the contrast lay in the expression, in the tone of feeling. Yesterday it had been nothing but gloom, depression, almost despair; to-day it was all hope and hilarity. The cloud had gone from the faces of Mark and his wife to give place to almost triumphal gayety. On Sara's there was a look of pleasure, too, mingled with perplexity, as if she would rejoice with them, but as yet scarcely understood what there was to rejoice at.

Poor Mark Cray! The very slightest straw of expectancy was sufficient to send his sanguine spirit into the clouds. All this change had been wrought by a letter from Barker, which the eleven o'clock post had brought. Barker, who was another of Mark's stamp, had suddenly discovered, or thought he had discovered, that an English doctor was wanted in Honfleur. He wrote over to Mark, strongly recommending him to come and establish himself, and to lose no time, lest the opening should be snapped up. "There's a goodish many English here," said the letter, "and not the ghost of an English doctor. If an English fellow gets ill he must die, unless he chooses to call in a French surgeon, and the chances are *he'll* bleed him to death. If you'll believe me, they bled a young English lady this week for measles! She seemed ill, and her friends called in a Monsieur Somebody, with a name as unpronounceable as that mine of ours, and he looked at her, and asked a few questions, said he thought she was sickening for some disorder or other, and therefore he'd bleed her. Well, he did bleed her, and ordered her some drink, called *tisan*, or some such name—I always shirked my French at school—which it's my belief is made of nothing but sugar and water. Bleeding for measles! The English say to me: 'What a boon it would be if we had a countryman established here as doctor!' So Mark, old fellow, I've thought of you; and my advice to you is, come and try it, until something better turns up. I'm off to Paris shortly, but I'll stop here and welcome you first, if you decide to come. I know you hate your profession, and so do I, or I might try the opening myself; but if you don't mind taking it up as a temporary thing, I think you may manage to find enough practice to get along with. Living's cheap over here, and the scenery's lovely, though the town isn't much. Havre is only twenty minutes' distance by steamer; it's over the water—the *manche*, as they call it; and Harfleur lies by its side, nearer to us still. We have got an English church, you can tell Mrs. Cray, if she's particular upon the point; we had a splendid sermon last Sunday, preached by a stranger. Altogether, it seems to me to be worth your thinking of *under present circumstances*, and when the horizon has cleared a little, you can leave the place as readily as you come to it."

And this was the golden bait that had laid tempting hold on Mark. Perhaps to a man "under his present circumstances," as Mr. Barker put it, it did look favorable. Estimating things by comparison, it looked more than well. That one present room he was in, the dinneriess days, the blue spectacles, and all the rest of the little disagreeables you have heard hints of, were things to be flown from with the fleetest wings; if they could be exchanged for the position of a flourishing doctor in Honfleur. Mark was on his exalted ropes again, and his wife seemed to have thrown off her sorrow and her ailments.

The first consideration was money. The desirable place could not be reached without some. Even sanguine Mark allowed that. Just a little, to allow of their getting there, and a pound or so to pay for lodgings, and carry them on until his patients came in. He and his wife were deep in the difficulties of the matter when Sara interrupted them. She had come to tell Caroline of her ill-success with Oswald Cray.

But Caroline was in no mood to listen to aught that savored of non-success, and Sara's news was overwhelmed with the other. Barker's letter was read to her, and Mark enlarged upon it in his sanguine strain.

"I knew something would turn up," said he. "Barker's a right good fellow not to keep it himself. Those continental towns are charming, if you can put up with the sameness: of course they get a little *same* after a time. Not all of them, though. We stopped three months in Boulogne once, before my father's death, and were sorry to come away from it. Only think how this will set Carine up, after all the late bother."

"I fear Honfleur is a small place to support a medical man," observed Sara, who could look at the proposal more dispassionately than the other two.

"It's a lovely place," fired Mark. "Barker says so. It's renowned in history. If they are not places of note, I'd like to know what are. History tells us that! Why it was from Harfleur that the children of one of the kings set sail and were overtaken by a storm and drowned, and the poor old father never was seen to smile more. I'm sure I remember having to learn that in my history. Honfleur a small place, indeed! Not support a doctor! You must be saying it for the purpose, Sara!"

"Well, Mark, I don't think it is large; but what I meant was, support an English doctor. Are there enough English living there to do that?"

"Of course there are," returned Mark, whose sanguine mood resented nothing more than a check. "Would Barker say there was an opening if there wasn't?"

She could have retorted that Barker had no more judgment than Mark; but it was utterly useless, and she held her tongue. Besides, she did hope that Mark might pick up some practice, and any change seemed an improvement upon the present state of things.

"How strangely things come about!" exclaimed Caroline. "Over and over again has Mark declared he would never resume his profession. And now he is longing for it."

"But only as a stop-gap," returned Mark, with quick eagerness. "I hate the profession, and I'd not spend my life at it if I could do anything better. Oh, it won't take much trouble just to doctor those Honfleur people, while something else is turning up. Nothing should stop me now from going to Honfleur."

Very good. Perhaps we ourselves might have decided the same in Mark's place. But still there were the necessary means. What of them? Caroline suggested Oswald Cray, and once more wished Sara to apply to him.

Remembering her mission of the previous

afternoon, and how it had failed, Sara refused quietly and kindly, but it angered Caroline.

"Listen," said Sara, interrupting a reproach that took various phases, "I am quite sure that any application to Mr. Oswald Cray from a stranger would be useless. I think—I think it must be done by Mark in person. I don't know that Mark would succeed, but I feel sure it is the only chance. I think he is vexed that Mark has never been to him."

"I daresay he is!" returned Mark resentfully. "Where was the good of my going? He'd only blow me up."

"I'll go," said Caroline, in a spirit of defiance, for she thought her cousin was using her very ill. "I'll go. I'd rather go! and Oswald shall see how shabby my bonnet is, and I hope he will feel grieved at it!"

She kept her resolution. At the dusk of evening, not before, Caroline Cray took her way to Parliament street, her step quick, her mood defiant still; not defiant against Oswald in particular, but against the whole world save herself and Mark.

But when she came in view of the house, she slackened her pace, going on slowly and cautiously, as one who wishes to reconnoitre the ground beforehand. What was she afraid of? Of meeting any of the wrathful shareholders of the Great Wheal Bang? If so, it was surely a singular coincidence that one of them should at that very moment be at Oswald Cray's door.

He was being shown out by a lady in an inverted bonnet, if the term may be held applicable—brim downwards, crown upwards. Caroline recognized him at once as a Major Pratt, rather an extensive shareholder. Some acquaintanceship had sprung up between him and Mark, and the Major had dined twice in Grosvenor Place. Mrs. Cray shrunk into the shade, and drew her veil tighter over her face. He passed without seeing her, and Mrs. Benn, after taking a look out up and down the street, gave the door a bang after him.

Suffering a few moments to elapse, Caroline went to the door and knocked at it. Mrs. Benn had just reached her kitchen, and it went very much against the grain of that amiable lady's temper to have to go up again. Flinging open the door, she confronted the applicant, opposition written in every line of her face, in every movement of her working arms, bared to the elbow.

"I want to see Mr. Oswald Cray."

"You want to see Mr. Oswald Cray!" repeated Mrs. Benn, the tight and disguising veil completing her ire. "Well, that's modest! When folks come here they ask if they *can* see him—and that's pretty bold for young women. What might you want, pray?"

"I want *him*," angrily returned Caroline. "Is he at home? If so, show me into his presence."

Something in the refinement of the voice in its tone of command struck on the ear of Mrs. Benn. But she was at warfare with the world that evening, and her prejudices were unconquerable.

"I don't know about that. The other night a lady walked herself here as bold as could be, and said *she* wanted to see Mr. Oswald Cray; and when I let her go in, it turned out that she had got some smuggled cambric handkerchiefs to sell, and she kept worriting of him to buy for five-and-twenty minutes. 'Mrs. Benn,' says he to me afterwards in his quiet way, 'I don't want them sort of people showed in to me. But how be I to know one sort from—Oh, so it *is* you, is it, Joe Benn? I wonder you come home at all, I do! You have been two mortal half hours gone, and nothing but visitors a tramping in and out! Perhaps you'll attend to 'em.'"

Caroline turned instinctively to the respectable-looking man who had approached the door.

"I wish to see Mr. Oswald Cray. My business is of importance."

"Certainly, ma'am. Is Mr. Oswald Cray alone?" he asked of his wife.

"Yes, he is alone. And I should think he'd like to remain alone, if only for a moment's peace and quiet. He can't get no rest at his work, any more than I can at mine."

She stood before Oswald with her veil thrown back, her face working with emotion, her hands clasped. The table was between them. Benn had closed the door after showing her in, and Oswald, who was busy over some plans, rose and stared in very astonishment. She gave a summary of her business in a rapid, breathless manner, as if fearing there would be no time left to tell it in. Mark had at length an opening of escape from the present misery, if he could only be helped to embrace it. A surgeon was wanted at Honfleur, and the place was offered to him.

Oswald pressed her to a chair, sat down, and questioned her.

"Why does not Mark come forward and show himself?" he presently asked.

"Come forward and show himself!" she repeated. "What, and get put into prison?"

"He must come, sooner or later. He cannot remain a proscribed man all his life. What end has he in view by remaining concealed? What does he promise himself by it?"

"I don't know."

"But Mark ought to know. He must be aware that there's an imperative necessity for his coming forward; that it is a thing there is no escaping. What does he wait for?"

"He says he wants the storm to blow over first."

"The storm will not blow over. Were Mark to hide himself for ten years, and then appear, it would only raise itself again. The very best thing that he can do is to appear and face it."

"That he never will. At least, not yet awhile. And, Oswald, I don't think you are a brother if you wish him to do it. But I did not come here to discuss *that*," she added. "I came to ask if you would lend *me*—me, not Mark—the trifle necessary to take us over the water. I will pay you back again if I have to save it up by sixpences."

She betrayed more restlessness of manner than Oswald had ever observed. Since her entrance she had been incessantly taking off and putting on the left-hand glove. He thought her changed. Her face looked worn, her eyes anxious.

"It would be doing you no kindness, Mrs. Cray. Believe me, the only plan open to Mark is to come forward and meet the company. His stopping away makes things worse. Major Pratt was here just before you came in, asking if I could give him news of Mark. I am tempted to wish often that I had no connection with him. *Tell* him to face this."

"I will not tell him," she answered, her cheeks crimson, her violet-blue eyes shining with a purple light. "If you will not advance me these poor few pounds that I plead for to you, there'll be nothing for us but to lie down and die. I have not"—she paused, struggling with her emotion—"I have not had a proper meal these three months; I feel often sick with want. Sometimes I wish I was with Uncle Richard."

Oswald hesitated, whether to ring at once for refreshment or to wait until her emotion had spent itself. He compassionated *her* with his whole heart.

"What would ten or twenty pounds be to you?" she resumed. "Ten might take us there; twenty would seem like a fortune. *Won't* you give us a chance of life?"

"It is not the money I think of; it is not indeed, Mrs. Cray. But Mark ought not to go to Honfleur while these clouds are hanging over him."

"*Let* me have the money," she pleaded; "let me have it. I don't want you to give it me to-night, only to promise it to me. Uncle Richard would have done as much for you."

What was he to do? What would you have done, my reader? Upright, honorable, just though he was, he did not resist those tearful eyes, those pleading hands, and he promised her the money that would carry Mark Cray further and further away from his creditors.

"And now what will you take?" he asked, ringing the bell.

"Nothing. I don't think I am as strong as I was; and in moments of excitement, I feel unable to touch bit or drop. Wine? No, I am not strong, I say; I am not used to wine now; only half a glass of it, and I should hardly walk home."

He did not intend that she should walk home, he told her; he would send her in a better way than that; and he induced her to take a very little wine. Then he gave her his arm downstairs.

Mrs. Benn met them in the hall. Caroline hastily drew her veil over her face, but not before the woman had caught a glimpse of her features. Oswald let himself out at the door, and shut it after him, and Mrs. Benn backed against the wall to recover her amazement.

"Mrs. Cray!—his brother's wife!—them that are in hiding! And the last time she was here it was in a coach and four, as may be said, with her feathers in her bonnet and her satins on her back! What a world this is for change—and work! Yes, she *have* just gone out, that there lady, Joe Benn, and the master with her. And you not up to open the door!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Truth in Courtship.

Be true to your lover. I don't mean *stick to him*; but *don't deceive him*. Let him know, let her know, what sort of person you really are. Tell each other your faults; make known your real opinions; state your views of married life, and what you expect to do and do as married companions. Despise and adjure the humbugging which is almost universal among lovers. Girls keep out of sight all their failings, and do their best to cause their beaux to think them angels, and men bow like slaves to every wish or whim of their lady loves, and seem to live but to make them happy. Now this is not as it ought to be; it will not be so after marriage. The woman will grow weary of always acting her prettiest; and the man will not endure all sorts of inconveniences, and submit to all sacrifices to please the woman who is securely his own.

It is the dearest pleasure of every true woman to obey and make happy the man she loves, if he is kind and reasonable; but how much better it would be to teach the sweetheart the truth instead of a falsehood as to her future position. I won't say anything more to the girls, for as they have to wait to be wooed and won, and as they have fewer chances than men have, there is more excuse for them to put the best side out; only let them always strive to keep it out, and we have no further controversy with them. But men are without excuse for holding out such pretences as they do. They are cruel and unwise. Cruel, because the pain which the woman will feel when all his subserviency and deference to her is withheld, will be in proportion to the pleasure with which it is received; unwise, because it may be such a shock to her as to cause her resolutely to rebel, or silently to cease to love. In either case the husband will be sorely punished for so long ignoring their just relations to each other.—*Lady contributor.*

Danish Legends.

In these days of tercentenary festivals, and above all in the town of Elsinore, it is a great shock to one's Shakspearianism to be told that *Hamlet*, properly "Amlet," was not the son of a king of Denmark, but of a pirate chief; that, as a pagan, living centuries before the Christian era, he did no more than his duty in revenging his father's death: that he by no means fell in single combat with *Laertes*, but lived to become Governor of Jutland, and to marry two wives, one of whom was daughter of an English king. The culminating point of this antiquarian heresy is that there was no *Ophelia*. To have one's faith destroyed in one of the sweetest characters that Shakspeare ever drew is a trial; but there is this consolation. Leaving behind this picturesque town of Elsinore with its 8,000 inhabitants, nothing remarkable is passed on the road to Fredensborg with the exception of the ruined castle of Gurre, to which a tradition clings remarkable for its likeness in a double aspect to those connected with English history. In the 14th century Valdemar IV., like our Henry II., concealed in this sequestered nook from the jealousy of his Queen a Danish Fair Rosamond, known as Tovelil, "Little Love." But whereas English history has been content to infer that Queen Eleanor, after the discovery, proved to her liege lord a sufficiently retributive thorn in the flesh, Danish story goes much further, and dooms Valdemar to the fate of "Horne the Hunter," for having blasphemously declared that he should not desire Heaven if Gurre were left to him.

☞ TOO PARTICULAR.—The Dundee Advertiser circulates the following story:—On one occasion, a beggar wife, on receiving a gratuity from the Rev. John Skinner, of Longside, author of "Tullochgorham," said to him by way of thanks—"Oh! sir, I houp that ye and a' your family will be in heaven the nicht." "Well," said Skinner, "I am very much obliged to you, only you need not have just been so particular as to the time."

☞ At Winchester, when Emory, General of the Nineteenth Corps, despatched his aid to Sheridan to tell him he had charged the enemy, the latter said: "Good! Tell Emory he's a brick!" This pleased the man, for they call him "Brick-top," from the color of his hair, which is sandy.

An Example for Landlords.

TO WHICH IS APPENDED SOME EXCELLENT ADVICE TO HUSBANDS AND FATHERS.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

"Well, Mary," said Mr. Early to his wife, as he came in one cold blustering afternoon in last December, and drew near the ruddy coal fire; "well, Mary, not such a bad day in the way of business after all." And he threw off his snow-sprinkled overcoat, laying it down on the snug-looking lounge his wife had drawn before the fire for his own accommodation, while the snowy particles fell in a shower over the warm cushion.

"How, John?" replied his wife, as she looked up with a cheery smile.

"This is rent-day, you know, and collecting rent is not always a prosperous business. It's like pulling a tooth to get money from some people. Now, there's old Ruggles, he gives the money as grudgingly as though he was not able to pay three times the amount, which I know he is. And Joe Winch, I suppose he *did* have a hard time to raise it, but he made quite as hard a job of paying it."

"Oh, never mind, husband; I hope you weren't hard on him; work is dull, you know, and money difficult to get."

"I acknowledge the truth of the concluding portion of your remark; money is difficult to get, even when it is honestly due—and so I found it to-day. But I succeeded tolerably after all. Even the widow Webb paid to the last cent, and that was more than I hoped for."

"Oh, John!" said his wife, in a deprecatory tone.

Mr. Early seemed to wince a little under the implied reproof, and so said, apparently in self-justification,

"Why, Mary, you know business is business, and why shouldn't she pay her rent as well as anybody else?"

Now, Mr. Early was not, by any means, naturally a hard-hearted man. Yet fortune had placed him in the position of landlord; and between tenants that couldn't pay, and tenants that wouldn't pay, he had finally been drilled into an outward seeming of hardness. Whenever he anticipated uncommon difficulty in the discharge of his duties, he repeated to himself the old maxim that "business is business," and thus steeled himself to his task.

Yet his wife knew that within this tough shell there was a soft kernel of a heart, for she had more than once found it; and so, after a short time of silence and reflection on her part, she resolved to try if she could not reach it again.

"John," said she, "how much was her rent?"

"Poh! nothing! Don't trouble yourself about that. Why it wasn't as much as that last silk of yours cost, and you know you teased me into buying that, saying the sum was such a trifle."

"Well, how much was it?" persisted Mrs. Early.

"If you must know, the quarter's rent amounted to fifteen dollars; and she paid it, too, without a word of grumbling."

"It is a small sum to you and to me, I know; but do you not think she must have struggled hard to raise it?"

"Business is business, you know, and it is not in my way to think *how* the money is raised, so that it is raised."

"Oh, John!" again repeated his wife. There was a kind of magic in these words. They possessed a power over him which she was aware of, and he felt.

"Well, never mind, Mary—don't trouble yourself about it. It's all over now, and can't be helped. Only, if you say so, I won't be quite so hard next time."

"I *do* say so, John," said she, rising with a womanlike instinct, and seating herself beside him, feeling that if she wished to gain her point (and she had, in the few moments of reflection, resolved upon one) she must make use of a wife's best arguments.

"There," said she, as she wound her fingers caressingly in his hair; "I know you didn't mean to be exacting, but you were so, after all. I heard only a day or two ago that Mrs. Webb and her daughter had had a hard time to get along this fall. Their only dependence for support is their needle, and you know that is a very slender one. Now they have both overworked themselves to raise this very money that you have received to-day, and Kate has been sick, and fears are entertained that she will go into a decline."

"So bad as that! I did not know it."

"I know you didn't; for I am sure you have too good a heart to drive a poor girl into her grave, and leave a widowed mother friendless and alone in the world, just for the sake of a few dollars, which you would never miss, if you did not have. Now, do you not think you ought to make amends in some way for your thoughtless act of cruelty?"

"Why, *yes*, if I only knew how. If you choose, you can take the money back again, and tell them I wouldn't have been in such a hurry about the rent if I had known just how the case stood."

"Well, give it to me. My! how full your pocket-book is!" she exclaimed in affected wonder, as he unrolled the ponderous *portefeuille*, stuffed and crammed with notes and silver. "Thank you. But so long as you have your money out, you may as well give me a little more at once; it will save me the trouble of asking you again. There, don't scowl so. It's only a trifle I want. Not so much as those furs will cost that you are going to buy me for a Christmas present."

"Furs! Whew! I hadn't heard of them before!"

"Oh, I know you haven't yet," she replied, coaxingly, "but you will between now and Christmas—unless you give me what money I want now. Let me see: the furs you are going to buy me will cost seventy-five dollars; but I'll let you off until next winter if you will give me—oh! don't stare so—thirty-five dollars now."

"Thirty-five dollars! What in—"

"Never mind the exclamations now," said she with a roguish smile, laying her hand (and a pretty one it was, too) over his mouth. "Count out the money first, and I'll give you leave to express your astonishment afterwards."

"Tell me first what you want it for," said Mr. Early, as soon as his speech was restored to him, taking advantage of a husband's prerogative, a right established by precedent, at least, of questioning in such matters.

"Tell you what I want it for? Oh! of course I will. I am going to invest it for you. It will bring you in a hundred per cent., and more too, just as long as Mrs. Webb is a tenant of yours."

"How—what do you mean?"

"Why, don't you see—there's two tens there in that roll, and plenty of fives"—holding out the same pretty hand that had so unceremoniously dammed up the river of speech flowing from her husband's mouth but a moment before—"only thirty-five dollars, you know, which, with the fifteen I've got, will make fifty in all; and I am going to provide Mrs. Webb and Catharine the means of paying their rent easily every quarter as soon as it is due. To be serious—I have told you that they depend on sewing for a living, and now that sewing machines have thrown seamstresses almost entirely out of business, it is very hard for two poor women, with delicate health, to scrape together sixty dollars every year to pay their rent with, and provide themselves with the necessities of life besides. So I am going to buy them such an article as *that*," said she, pointing to a splendid sewing-machine that made a conspicuous article of room furniture, "which some kind friend—not you, of course—was it really you, though? I never suspected anything half so sensible of you—sent me last New Year; and a more acceptable present I never received; and *somebody* never did and never will make a better investment of his money than that—unless he thinks fit to give me the thirty-five dollars I want now. Don't you see, how with that in the house, I have already saved you more than it has cost by doing my own sewing, and have still found plenty of time to fold my hands besides? And with such a machine Mrs. Webb and Kate could soon make themselves comparatively independent."

"Well, well, Mary, when a man is defeated by his own wife, he doesn't exactly like, for his dignity's sake, to acknowledge it. It's equivalent to let her wear the—you know what."

"Oh! never mind your dignity. I was never particularly impressed by it; and as for wearing the articles of which you speak, any smart wife manages to do that anyhow, just as I do now when you give me that—ten and ten are twenty, and five are twenty-five, and ten are thirty-five; and fifteen I have already makes fifty. That's all right, and you are a dear, good husband."

The pretty, delicate hand closed over the coveted treasure, and the full, rosy lips performed their appropriate office, and it was hard to tell which seemed to be best satisfied, husband or wife.

Before many days went by, there was a joyful surprise at the unpretending dwelling of widow Webb and her daughter. Catharine, a delicate girl of eighteen or thereabouts, seemed pale and emaciated from recent illness; but at the sight of the splendid Wheeler & Wilson sewing-machine—that at the first she could not believe but had been left there by mistake, until she had re-read more than once the accompanying card with her own name in full, and the number of her residence upon it—the blood danced joyfully from her heart up to her cheeks, and tingled in her very finger's ends, at the certain prospect of better days in store for them.

At first they could obtain no clue to their kind benefactors; but the truth finally leaked out. And if ever gratitude swelled the hearts of human beings, it did theirs towards their landlord, whom they had hitherto considered so harsh and unrelenting, and to his pretty, kind-hearted wife.

When next rent-day came, Mr. Early had not to call upon Mrs. Webb for his money. It was promptly brought to him, and paid so cheerfully, that he jocosely remarked to his wife that he had half a mind to try the experiment of a "Wheeler & Wilson" on each of his tenants, to see if it would have an equally good effect. "Only, Othello-like, I should find my occupation gone," said he, "and would have nothing to do but sit over the fire—"

"And make love to me," interposed his wife.

"—— and wait for the money to come to me, while I lose my business habits entirely."—*Catholic Herald and Visitor.*

☞ THE POETRY OF LIFE.—The present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame, and finite. To the gifted eye it abounds in the poetic. The affections which spread beyond ourselves, and stretch far into futurity—the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy—the innocent and irrepressible joy of infancy—the bloom and buoyancy and dazzling hopes of youth—the throbbings of the heart when it first wakes to love and dreams of a happiness too vast for earth—woman, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fullness of feeling, and depth of affection, and blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire—these are all poetical. It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys.

☞ A New York court has lately awarded $5,000 damages against the Harlem Railroad Company, for turning out their horses infected with farcy and glanders, in a meadow adjoining the stable of the plaintiff, (Wilks) whereby his horses took the disease, and many of them died.

☞ A Hungarian of London is about presenting, for the attention of the world, a house made entirely of paper—the walls, roof, floor, gas-pipes, water-pipes, and most of the furniture, to be composed of this material. The paper is combined with a description of gum that is supposed to be the kind with which the ancients coated their ships.

☞ If a young woman hopes ever to have the honor of giving the mitten, she must learn to knit.

☞ POLITENESS.—Louis XIV. was told that Lord Stair was one of the best bred men in Europe. "I shall soon put him to the test," said the king; and asking Lord Stair to take an airing with him, as soon as the door of the coach was opened, he bade him pass and go in. The other bowed and obeyed. The king said: "The world is right in the character it gives. Another person would have troubled me with ceremony."

☞ Mr. Spurgeon has retired from the Evangelical Alliance, owing to the dissatisfaction given to the Church of England by his sermons on baptism and regeneration.

☞ General Hooker has added an aphorism to literature. In his late orders to subordinates of his Department, he announces that "no one will consider the day as ended until the duties it brings have been discharged." If this order were universally obeyed, the Confederates would not only be beaten, but the world regenerated.

Corking Bottles.

It really seems strange that in this age, when so many other means can be employed, cork should still be made use of to stop bottles. The moist cork, one side of which is in contact with the air, allows, equally with the wood of the wine-cask, the development of mould plants. The taste and smell of wine is, under such circumstances, identical with that of many other mouldy substances, and is what we call musty. The mould of cork differs of course from that of wood, and the taste is consequently not exactly the same. The smell may be distinctly perceived in almost every warehouse in the country. The mould grows from the outside to the inside, and, should it reach the inner side of the cask or cork, it imparts a taste to the wine. On this account old wine-casks must from time to time be cleansed outside and inside, and new corks must be put into the bottles even when the old ones are unhurt. If the inside of the cork be covered with resin or sealing-wax, the entrance of air is cut off, and the formation of mould hindered, though not prevented. Wines which have been long in bottle often acquire an unpleasant taste from this mouldiness; they are brought out to do honor to a guest, and praise is expected which cannot be honestly given.—*Professor Mulder, of Utrecht.*

A FEMALE GUERILLA.—One of the guerilla bands operating in Kentucky is commanded by a Capt. Berry, and the Louisville Journal thus speaks of it:—

"One of the peculiarities of this band of cut-throats is the officer second in command, recognized by the men as Lieut. Flowers. The officer in question is a young woman, and her right name is Sue Munday. She dresses in male attire, generally sporting a full Confederate uniform. Upon her head she wears a jaunty plumed hat, beneath which escapes a wealth of dark-brown hair, falling around and down her shoulders in luxuriant curls. She is possessed of a comely form, has a dark, piercing eye, is a bold rider, and a daring leader. Prior to connecting herself with Berry's gang of outlaws, she was associated with the band commanded by the notorious scoundrel Capt. Alexander, who met his doom—a tragic death—a short time ago in southern Kentucky.

"Lieut. Flowers, or Sue Munday, is a practised robber, and many ladies who have been so unfortunate as to meet her on the highway can testify with what sang froid she presents a pistol and commands 'stand and deliver.' She recently robbed a young lady of Harrodsburg of her watch and chain. Her name is becoming widely known, and, to the ladies, it is always associated with horror."

BILL'S IDEA OF THE ANGELIC STATE.—A gentleman lately overheard the following conversation between a man and a woman who appeared as though they had just returned from a pleasure trip to some of the out of town resorts:—

Woman—"Blow me, Bill, how tired I feel! I'm as miserable, too, as a starved cat. What a miserable world this is! I wish I'd never been born, that I do, and now that I am born I wish myself dead again!" Man—"Why, Bet, what's the matter with you now? What are you grumbling about?" Woman—"Why, don't I tell yer I'm *as miserable as a rat*." Man—"Miserable, indeed! Why, what on earth would yer have? You was drunk on Monday, and you was drunk again on Wednesday, and I'm blest if that isn't pretty near enough pleasure for yer, I don't know what is. I s'pose you wants to be a downright hangel here upon earth."

☞ A Jerseyman was very sick, and was not expected to recover. His friends got around his bed, and one of them says: "John, do you feel willing to die?" John made an effort to give his views on the subject, and answered with his feeble voice: "I—think—I'd rather stay—where—I'm better acquainted."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is a better feeling in the Flour market. The week's sales reach some 9000 bbls, partly taken for home use, at $9@9.50 for low grade and good superfine; $9,75@10,25 for extras; $10@11 for extra family, and $11,50 to $12 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are unchanged.

GRAIN comes in slowly. The week's sales reach about 55,000 bus Wheat, taken for milling, at $2@2,14 for fair to good and prime Pennsylvania and Western reds, the latter for choice amber; $2,05@2,15 for Southern do, and $2,35@2,45 for white. Rye is quiet at $1,60. Corn—25,000 bus sold at $1,60@1,62 for Southern and Pennsylvania yellow, and $1,56@1,62 for Western mixed. Oats—Sales of 30,000 bus are reported at 80@86c for Delaware and Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—The stocks generally are very much reduced. Mess Pork sells at $42@44, and Mess Beef at $21@22 ₩ bbl for country and city packed. Bacon moves off at 22@24c for plain and fancy Hams; 22@23c for Sides, and 21@22c for Shoulders. Green Meats are quiet, and Shoulders are held at 20c ₩ lb, without sales. Lard is quoted at 20@21c for tierce, and 22@23c for kegs. Butter is more active, and good to prime packed and roll sells freely at 35@40c for Pennsylvania and Ohio, and Goshen at 45@50c. Cheese is in fair demand at 18@20c for fair to prime dairies. Eggs are worth 29c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market is 10@15c lower, and the demand limited to a few small lots at $1,05@1,15 for middling quality, cash.

BARK—Quercitron is lower, and 60 hhds sold at $43 for first No 1. Tanners' Bark is quiet.

BEESWAX—Prices are nominally 70@75c ₩ lb.

COAL—The market is rather more active at from $8,50 to $9 ₩ ton, delivered on board at Richmond.

COFFEE is held with more firmness; sales of a few small lots at 37@38c, for good Rio, and 37c for Laguayra, cash and time.

FEATHERS are inactive, and quoted within the range of 60@65c ₩ lb, too latter for good Western.

FRUIT—The sales are confined to Green Apples, within the range of $2@4 ₩ bbl, as to quality. Cranberries are worth $10@12 ₩ bbl.

HAY continues firm at $30 ₩ ton for baled.

HOPS are inactive at 45@50c for new and 30 to 42c for old.

IRON—The market continues almost at a standstill. The only sale made public is 225 tons Forge at $55, cash.

LUMBER—The market is dull and unsettled; a cargo of Eastern Laths is reported sold at $2,75 ₩ M.

MOLASSES—The market is firm.

PLASTER—The last sales were at $5,75 ₩ ton.

RICE is quoted at 13¾@14c ₩ lb for Rangoon.

SEEDS—The market is quiet, with small sales of Clover at $9,50@10, chiefly at $9,75. Timothy ranges at $5@6, the sales being mostly at $5@5,50, and Flaxseed at $3@3,10 ₩ bushel.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are firm but very quiet. N. E. Rum is nominally held at $2,10@2,20. Whiskey is unsettled and lower, at $1,75@1,77 for refilled and prime western, and Drudge at $1,75@1,76.

SUGAR—Holders are firmer in their views, with sales of 200 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 16@18c.

TALLOW is unsettled at 15¾@16c.

WOOL—There is a better feeling in the market. The week's sales are confined to a few small lots within the range of 90c@$1 for fleece and tub.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 3000 head. The prices realized from $9 to 15 ₩ 100 lbs. 2000 Hogs at from $17,50 to 19,00 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 6 to 8¾ cts ₩ lb. 100 Cows brought from $30 to 40 ₩ head.

Liquor and Bigamy.—How common it is for a poor wife to excuse the sins of her husband on the ground that if it was not for drink he would be the best husband in the world. Such devotion ought to make a man ashamed of his beastly habits and conduct. Recently, an Irishman was brought before the Court on the charge of bigamy. Being asked by the judge how many wives he had, a little woman by his side said:—"Shure, and that's not the question your 'oner shu'd ask him—he knows that he has only one, and that's me; but when he gets a dhrap to much he thinks he sees me in all the women. I tell you he's as true a man as ever lived; and he loves me, his own darling Mary, better than all the world besides. It's the likker that gets the other wives for him."

☞ A woman in Chicago, becoming enraged at her son, while he was eating, struck him, and he choked to death.

Purchasers may rely upon getting the best *Furs* at Chas. Oakford & Sons, Continental Hotel.

A Scientific Vegetable Combination of Rare Ingredients—Not a Dye.

For changing gray hair to its original color.
For promoting its growth and stopping its falling.
For cleansing the scalp, curing dandruff, &c.
For making the hair soft, flexible and glossy.
For preserving the original color to old age.

"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
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Read this Certificate.

I am happy to add my testimony to the great value of the "London Hair Color Restorer," which restored my hair to its original dark color, and the hue appears to be permanent. I am satisfied that the preparation is nothing like a dye, but operates upon the secretions. It is also a beautiful hair dressing, and promotes the growth. I purchased the first bottle from Edward S. Garrigues, Druggist, Tenth and Coates streets, who can also testify my hair was very gray when I commenced its use. Mrs. Miller,
No. 730 North Ninth street, Philada.

Such testimony is daily received from all sections of the country. One bottle will satisfy any one that it is entirely different and vastly superior to all other hair preparations. Price 75 cents per bottle; six bottles, $4. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address. jy18-eow

Gentlemen's Hats.—All the latest styles at Chas. Oakford & Sons, Continental Hotel.

Volunteers for the Army should not leave the city until supplied with HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. For Sores, Scurvy, Wounds, Small-Pox, Fevers, and Bowel Complaints, these medicines are the best in the world. Every French soldier uses them. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 35 cents, 88 cents, and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

Ladies' and Children's Hats.—All styles at Chas. Oakford & Sons, Continental Hotel.

Brown's Bronchial Troches.—From the Medical Director of the General Hospital, Benton Barracks, near St. Louis, March 8, 1862.

Messrs. John I. Brown & Son, Boston, Mass. "Use of your far-famed and most serviceable *Troches* is being made in the hospital of which I have charge, and with very beneficial and decided results in allaying bronchial irritation and morbid sensitiveness of mucous membrane of glottis and parts adjacent."

Ladies' and Gentlemen's
FURS.
The largest and best stock in the city, at
Charles Oakford & Sons,
Continental Hotel, Philadelphia.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th instant, by the Right Rev. Alonzo Potter, George W. Childs, Esq., to Emma Boffner, daughter of R. E. Peterson, M. D.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. S. Morse, Alfred Cromelien, to Edith Martha, daughter of Henry Cohen, both of this city.

At Friends' Meeting, in Burlington, N. J., on 5th-day, 13th instant, Howard A. Michler, to Margaretta, daughter of Robt. Thomas, all of Burlington.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Thos. Brainard, Mr. Joseph R. Sager, to Miss Mary H. Young, both of this city.

On the 20th of Sept., by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. William Myers, to Miss Mary Johnson, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the same, Mr. William B. Ettenger, to Miss W. Jewell M'Mullen, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the same, Mr. Lawrence Gaen, of York, Pa., to Miss Elizabeth Frantz, of this city.

On the 9th instant, at Friends' Meeting-house, on 12th street, George Wood, to Mary S., daughter of Ezekiel Hunn, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th instant, Mr. Allyn Bacon, in his 76th year.

On the 12th instant, Caroline E., wife of H. Cowperthwait, in her 63d year.

On the 12th instant, Mrs. Maria Hakkesly, in her 64th year.

Sept. 22d, at Bowling Green, Ky., of disease contracted in camp, Lieut. George F. Frost, in his 28th year, eldest son of the late John Frost, LL. D.

On the 10th instant, Sophie, wife of Wm. L. Dunglison.

On the 12th instant, Susan A. Stevenson, daughter of the late Wm. Stevenson.

On the 11th instant, Alfred Robinson, in his 30th year.

On the 10th instant, Mary Jane, wife of Abraham Vanselver, aged 38 years.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. Margaret L., wife of George Streper, in her 29th year.

On the 9th instant, Abraham H. Godshall, in his 33d year.

On the 9th instant, Joseph C. Pancoast, in his 66th year.

On the 9th instant, William King, in his 65th year.

Eyre & Landell offer wholesale and retail,
Best show of MERINOES in town.
Best show of POPLINS in town.
Best show of SILKS in town.
Best show of SHAWLS in town.
Best show of CLOAKS in town. mar12-1y

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For the benefit of persons wishing a neat, pretty, and useful article at a moderate price, we attach the following price list:

Ladies' handsome Neck Chain $1.00; single stone imitation Diamond Ring $1; Cluster imitation Diamond Ring $2; Heavy Plated Vest Chain $1.25; Heavy Plain Rings (will stand the strongest acid) $1; Heavy Plated black enamelled Sleeve Buttons 50 cents; gents single stone or cluster imitation Diamond Pins $1; magnificent Bracelets $1.25; handsomely chased Medallions $1.25; Pen and Pencil with extension case $1.50; Ladies' beautiful Revolving Pin (can be worn either side) $1.25; Ladies' small Jet or Garnet Pin $1; handsome ladies' set of Pin and Drops Coral; Carbuncle or Opal sets $1.25; fancy Watch Keys $1; Ladies' Long Guard and Chatelaine Chains $1; genuine Gutta Percha Pins for hair or likeness $1; Seal Rings $1; red or black Ball Ear Drops 50 cents; children's handsome Carbuncle or Coral Armlets $1; Vest docks, fancy patterns, 50 cents; Carbuncle Studs and Sleeve Buttons $1; Silver-plated Butter Knives $1.50 per pair; Silver-plated Spoons $2.50 per half dozen.

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U.S. 7-30 Loan.

The Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that subscriptions will be received for Coupon Treasury Notes, payable three years from August 15th, 1864, with semi-annual interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum,—principal and interest both to be paid in lawful money.

These notes will be convertible at the option of the holder at maturity, into six per cent gold bearing bonds, payable not less than five nor more than twenty years from their date, as the Government may elect. They will be issued in denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000 and $5,000, and all subscriptions must be for fifty dollars or some multiple of fifty dollars.

As the notes draw interest from August 15, persons making deposits subsequent to that date must pay the interest accrued from date of note to date of deposit.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES OF THIS LOAN.

It is a National Savings Bank, offering a higher rate of interest than any other, and *the best security*. Any savings bank which pays its depositors in U. S. Notes, considers that it is paying in the best circulating medium of the country, and it *cannot* pay in anything better, for its own assets are either in government securities or in notes or bonds payable in government paper.

Convertible into a Six per cent. 5-20 Gold Bond

In addition to the very liberal interest on the notes for three years, this privilege of conversion is now worth about three per cent. per annum, for the current rate for 5-20 Bonds is not less than *nine per cent. premium*, and before the war the premium on six per cent. U. S. stocks was over twenty per cent. It will be seen that the actual profit on this loan, at the present market rate, is not less than ten per cent. per annum.

Its Exemption from State or Municipal Taxation.

But aside from all the advantages we have enumerated, a special Act of Congress *exempts all bonds and Treasury notes from local taxation*. On the average, this exemption is worth about two per cent. per annum, according to the rate of taxation in various parts of the country.

It is believed that no securities offer so great inducements to lenders as those issued by the government. In all other forms of indebtedness, the faith or ability of private parties, or stock companies, or separate communities, only, is pledged for payment, while the whole property of the country is held to secure the discharge of all the obligations of the United States.

Up to the 21th of September, the subscriptions to this loan amounted to over

$10,000,000.

Subscriptions will be received by the Treasurer of the United States, at Washington, the several Assistant Treasurers and designated Depositories, and by all National Banks which are depositaries of public money, and

ALL RESPECTABLE BANKS AND BANKERS throughout the country will give further information and

AFFORD EVERY FACILITY TO SUBSCRIBERS.
oct6-4t

B. FRANK PALMER.
Surgeon-Artist to the Medical Colleges and Hospitals; Author of New Rules for Amputations; Inventor of the "Palmer Arm," Leg, &c., has removed to
THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609.
Three Squares West of the Old Stand.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation.
Address B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
oct6-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.

IMPORTANT TO ALL INVALIDS.
THE PERUVIAN SYRUP

(A protected solution of the protoxide of iron) supplies the Blood with its *Vital Principle or Life Element*, Iron, thereby infusing

STRENGTH, VIGOR, AND NEW LIFE
into all parts of the system. Pamphlets free.
J. P. DINSMORE,
491 Broadway, New York.
Sold by all Druggists. oct15-3m

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE.
A Real Pain Extractor.

It reduces the most angry-looking swellings and inflammations, heals

OLD SORES, WOUNDS, BURNS, SCALDS,

&c., &c., as if by Magic. Only 25 cents a box. By mail 12 cents extra. Sold by J. P. DINSMORE,
491 Broadway, New York,
And by all Druggists. oct15-3m

OLD EYES MADE NEW.

A Pamphlet directing how to speedily restore sight and give up spectacles, without aid of Doctor or medicine. Sent by mail *free* on receipt of 10 cts.
Address E. B. FOOTE, M. D.,
oct8-3m 1130 Broadway, New York.

CANCERS CURED.

CANCERS, TUMORS, WHITE SWELLINGS, &c., &c., cured without pain or the use of the knife. Send for Circular, free of charge. Address
Drs. BABCOCK & TOBIN,
oct8-3m 27 BOND Street, New York.

ELECTRICITY:
ITS WONDERS
AS A
THERAPEUTIC AGENT.

TO THE DISEASED.

Five years ago Professor C. H. BOLLES located himself in the city of Philadelphia, at No. 1220 WALNUT street, and announced his great discovery in the therapeutic application of Magnetism, Galvanism, and other modifications of Electricity for the cure of the most obstinate, acute, and chronic diseases.

In announcing to the public a discovery so intimately connected with the well-being of our race, it may be deemed proper to make a few prefatory remarks to prepare the mind of the reader for the reception of evidences and facts too incredible for belief.

This discovery is the result of more than ten years' hard and scientific investigations. It develops not only a reliable system for the diagnosis of disease, but the only efficient and reliable means of cure. Its great superiority over all other systems for the cure of disease has been practically tested for more than ten years, and for five years in Philadelphia, where twelve thousand invalids have been treated, suffering from almost every form and condition of disease common to all sections of our country, who, after treatment by the most eminent medical men in Philadelphia, Boston, New York, and other cities, had been given up as incurable; and in nearly every case a perfect cure had been effected.

Many of the most obstinate of the above cases treated have been warranted by special contract, and not a failure has been made in any warranted case. As indubitable evidence of the foregoing statement, we have adduced in the following advertisement testimonials from citizens of Philadelphia, who had suffered from a complication of diseases for four, ten, and even thirty years, and had availed themselves of the best medical skill in this and other cities, and were given up as incurable, but afterwards were fully restored to health by a few applications of Electricity.

We are curing, and further pledge ourselves to cure, a certain class of diseases acknowledged to be incurable by any known process of medication—diseases that never have, nor never can be controlled, only by this mode of applying the various modifications of Electricity.

We are often asked for what diseases is Electricity best adapted? In reply, we would say, for all diseases to which flesh is heir—acute or chronic, inflammatory or paralytic. In all cases where medicine is beneficial, and in all cases beyond the influence and control of medicine. Electricity has the power of arousing the vital force by changing its polarities, thereby regulating secretion, excretion, digestion, and circulation, and bringing the system back to a condition of harmony and health.

Thousands of the most reliable individuals in this city who have been treated at No. 1220 Walnut street can and will vouch for the above statement of facts in their own astonishing cures. We verily believe that we have cured more obstinate diseases during the five years of our practice in the city of Philadelphia than all the medical men that have ever practised in this city, either allopathically, homœopathically, or by any other pathy. This assertion may look like boasting, but it is true, every word of it, for who ever heard of such astonishing cures!

Who shall properly estimate the incalculable blessing thus so speedily conferred on suffering humanity, when, instead of being drugged for months, and thrown on beds of languishing, health is restored by this treatment, in many cases almost instantaneously! In conclusion, we would say, for the encouragement of the dyspeptic, neuralgic, consumptive, rheumatic, paralytic, epileptic, and, in fine, all those on whom medical treatment ever did and ever will prove a total failure, that there is still hope in your case, and a fair chance for your recovery, at No. 1220 WALNUT Street.

ASTONISHING RESULTS.

The following report is not the result of hearsay, or far-off certificates, or reports of men of doubtful veracity, but from reliable business and professional men in our very midst, whose report was arrived at after weeks of careful investigation, at 1220 WALNUT Street.

FROM A FEW RELIABLE MEN IN PHILADA.

We, the undersigned, having been treated for obstinate diseases at No. 1220 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia, which had resisted for a long time the treatment of the most eminent medical men in this city; and, also, having witnessed the results of his treatment on a great number of our acquaintances and friends, for acute and chronic diseases, do therefore take great pleasure in recommending to the public this important discovery.

He has been located five years at No. 1220 WALNUT Street, testing his treatment on many thousands of our most reliable citizens by his new discovery of applying Galvanism, Magnetism, and other modifications of Electricity, and, having watched his success in the speedy and permanent cures of hundreds of our friends, as well as ourselves, and, especially, that class of diseases never benefited by medicines; therefore,

Resolved, That we, the undersigned, regard the great success we have witnessed for months in the treatment of Consumption, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Insanity, Diabetes, Bronchitis, all Nervous Diseases, Catarrh, Amaurosis, Aphonia, Asthma, Ague Chills, Contraction of Limbs, St. Vitus' Dance, Coldness of Feet, Hands, or Head; Deafness, Dyspepsia, all forms; Epilepsy, Hemorrhage, White Swelling, Mental Depression, Neuralgia, Withered Limbs, Convulsions, Palpitation of the Heart, and Lockjaw, as indubitable evidence of the scientific application of Electricity for the speedy cure of all curable diseases.

E. A. Steele, M. D., No. 6 South Twelfth street; Wm. H. Shriver, Haines street, Germantown; L. C. Stockton, 205 Market street, Philada.; John McCormick, 1220 Ridge Avenue; Chas. H. Grigg, Nos. 219 and 221 Church alley; Emanuel Rey, 707 Sansom street, attorney-at-law; Isaac D. Guyer, 2 Woodland Terrace; E. N. Nash, 313 South Sixth street; H. Craig, 1725 Arch street, 138 Broad street; Robert D. Work, 51 North Third street; A. G. Croll, northeast corner Tenth and Market streets.

N. B.—We take pleasure in referring the sick to the above names, and the following, whose certificates have been or will be given in full for the good of humanity.

Judah Levy, Bronchial Consumption, No. 814 South Front street; Edward T. Evans, preacher of the M. E. Church, Dyspepsia of long standing, Laryngitis, and Lumbago, No. 1633 Belmath street; Wm. H. Shaine, Paralysis of lower limbs, Paraplegy, and Epilepsy, publisher of the *National Merchant*, No. 126 South Second street; Thos. Owens, Congestion of the Brain, and severe Hemorrhage of the Lungs, and Diabetes, American Hotel, Philada.; James Nugent, Deafness for six years, and ringing and roaring in the head, Fifteenth and Bedford sts.; Wm. Morgan, General Debility, 401 Spruce street; Thos. Harrop, severe Diabetes, Rose Mills, West Philada.; Geo. Grant, Rheumatic Gout, long standing, No. 610 Chestnut street; H. T. Deliver, Chronic Neuralgia and Inflammatory Rheumatism, No. 1736 Chestnut street; O. H. Cartelick, Chronic Dyspepsia and Inflammation of the Kidneys, Chestnut and Fortieth streets; Geo. W. Freed, Epilepsy, No. 1402 North Thirteenth street; Anthony Carney, Consumption, No. 1217 Market street; Edward McMullen, Consumption, No. 1227 Front street; Charles H. Grigg, Dyspepsia and Constipation, Tenth and Arch streets; J. Rickel, Chronic Bronchitis, Constipation, and Congestion of the Brain, No. 518 Callowhill st.; Rev. J. Mallory, Aphonia, Philadelphia.

Electrical Institution 1220 WALNUT St., Philada.

FACULTY.
Prof. C. H. BOLLES, Discoverer and Lecturer.
PHYSICIANS.
W. B. BROWN, M. D.,
F. SHEDD, M. D.; S. W. BECKWITH, M. D.,
And
Mrs. S. A. FULTON.

Mrs. Fulton, a lady of great experience and ability, will have entire charge of treating in the ladies department.

Consultation free.

Address all letters to Dr. W. B. BROWN, 1220 WALNUT St. Philadelphia.
oct1-8t

R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.
PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-eowly

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS!

Says a great writer, and in the history of
RARE DISCOVERIES
for the last half century nothing has
LEAPED INTO FAVOR
with the public, so completely, so universally, as
CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

No other is recognized in the world of fashion by either sex. Its swift operation, the ease with which it is applied, the remarkable naturalness of the browns and blacks it imparts, its exemption from all unpleasant odor or caustic ingredients, and its general effect on the hair and skin, are the good and sufficient causes of its unprecedented popularity.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.
Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. Price, $1, $1.50 and $2 per box, according to size.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative

Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size. oct22-2teow

Innocent but Potent.—Brandreth's Pills.—The Never Failing Remedy, whose fame for purifying the Blood, is now extended to every part of the civilized world, and should be in the possession of every one who values health. One or two doses in the commencement, how many days or weeks of sickness may they not prevent! Four Pills in the beginning, is more efficacious than forty doses when the disease is established.

Man would be happy, compared to what has hitherto been his lot, if, when sick, he at once took Brandreth's Pills. He would not then be weighed down by long attacks of disease. The weak, the feeble, the infirm, the nervous, the delicate, are in a few days strengthened by their operation, and the worst complaints are removed by perseverance. Adapted to all circumstances and situations, they are the best medicine for families, or to take to sea—preventing scurvy and costiveness, requiring no change of diet, particular regimen, or care against taking cold.

Brandreth's Pills are sold at the Principal Office 294 Canal St., and 4 Union Square, New York. Ask for New Style.

Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the Genuine Brandreth's Pills; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.

Price 25 cents each. Sold by Mrs. Shaeffer, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. Dyott & Sons, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. oct22-2teow

DR. TOBIAS'
VENETIAN LINIMENT.

More Testimony! This is to certify that for the last five years I have used in my family Dr. Tobias' celebrated Venetian Liniment, and in every instance have found it fully equal to his recommendations. I have found it to give almost instantaneous relief in cases of toothache, croup, bilious colic, sore throat, pain in the chest and back, and rheumatism, and I cheerfully recommend its trial to every one afflicted with any of the above-named diseases.

JAMES H. WARNER,
Hartford, Conn., Oct 10th, 1861.

Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Office, 56 Cortlandt Street, New York. oct22-6teow

PINE APPLE
CIDER.

DR. TALBOT'S CONCENTRATED
MEDICAL PINE APPLE CIDER
Is a Preventive of Sickness.

The experience that Dr. Talbot has had for the last twenty-five years, convinces him that it is time the public had an article offered that will prevent sickness. The article offered is Dr. Talbot's Medicated Pineapple Cider, designed for all classes, old and young. It is not new to the Doctor, but is entirely new to the public. One quart bottle will last a well person one year. This is rather a new mode of doctoring; nevertheless, it will save millions from being sick. Is it not better to pay two dollars a year to keep from being sick than to pay ten or twenty dollars in doctors' bills, and as much more for the loss of time and the inconvenience of being sick? To prevent sickness, use as follows—Add one teaspoonful of Medicated Pineapple Cider to a tumbler of cold water, and drink the first thing after you rise in the morning, and the same before you retire at night. It will increase the strength and give vigor and action to the system. A celebrated New York merchant, who has made a thorough trial of the Pineapple Cider, assures Dr. Talbot that he gained ten pounds of flesh in one month, at the first trial. He continues its use, as above directed, and finds it very beneficial; says it has proved an entire preventive to sickness in his case. Also, another well known gentleman in New York has used the Medicated Cider constantly for ten years, and has not been sick one day during that time.

Price $2 per bottle (full quart). For sale everywhere.

All orders should be addressed to
B. T. BABBITT, Sole Agent,
64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72 & 74 Washington St.,
NEW YORK.
HENRY C. KELLOGG,
Corner of Water and Chestnut Streets, Agents for
PHILADELPHIA. oct8-4t

Do you want luxuriant whiskers or mustaches?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM,
feb27-tf 109 Nassau street, New York City.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Ballads for Bad Memories.

A frequent excuse put forth by persons asked to sing, is that 'they would be delighted if they could remember the words.' As words in the present style of singing really matter very little, we give the following verses as a sample of the kind of thing that may be sung by people with short memories:—

Oh, if I had a lumty tum lumty tum too,
In the land of the olive and fig,
I would sing of the lum tumti to you,
And play on the thingumy jig.

And if in the lumty tum battle I fall,
A tumti tum's all that I crave;
Oh, bury me deep in what you-may-call,
And plant thingumbobs over my grave.

In case this should be too great an effort for the memory, we have dashed off the succeeding trifle, in which, by a clear and loud delivery of the ends of the lines, the hearer will imagine that he knows what it is all about.

Dumty, dumpy, dumpy love,
Dumty, diddy, heart.
Dumty, dumty, dumty prove,
Dumty, diddy, part.

Dumty, dumty, dumty, meet,
Dumty, diddy, coy.
Dumty, dumty, dumty, sweet,
Dumty soldier boy.

The Five Cradles.

A man who had recently became a votary to Bacchus, returned home one night in an intermediate state of booziness. That is to say, he was comfortably drunk, but perfectly conscious of his unfortunate situation. Knowing that his wife was asleep, he decided to attempt gaining his bed without disturbing her, and by sleeping off his inebriation, conceal the fact from her altogether. He reached the door of his room without disturbing her, and after ruminating a few moments on the matter, he thought if he could reach the bedpost, and hold on to it while he slipped off his apparel the feat would be easily accomplished. Unfortunately for his scheme, a cradle stood in a direct line with the bedpost, about the middle of the floor. Of course, when his shins came in contact with the aforesaid piece of furniture, he pitched over it with perfect looseness; and upon gaining an erect position, ere an equilibrium was established, he went over it backwards, in an equally summary manner. Again he struggled to his feet, and bent foremost over the bower of infant happiness. At length, with the fifth fall, his patience became exhausted, and the obstacle was yet to be overcome. In desperation he cried out to his sleeping partner:

"Wife! wife! how many cradles have you got in the house? I've fallen over five, and here's another before me!"

ADVICE TO A YOUNG LAWYER.—The following is the advice of an examining judge to a young lawyer, on admission: "Sir, it would be idle to trouble you farther. You are perfect; and I will dismiss you with a few words of advice, which you will do very well to follow. You will find it laid down as a maxim of civil law never to kiss the maid when you can kiss the mistress. Carry out this principle, sir, and you are safe. Never say 'boo' to a goose when she has the power to lay golden eggs. Let your face be long, your bills longer. Never put your hand in your pocket when anybody's else is handy. Keep your conscience for your own private use, and don't trouble it with other men's matters. Plaster the judge and butter the jury. Look as wise as an owl, and be as oracular as a town clock. But above all, get money; honestly if you can, my dear sir, but get money. I welcome you to the bar."

RAPID INCREASE.—A New Gloucester correspondent writes:—

Little Mary B——— was a very sickly, delicate child. She had been ordered by a physician to take a glass of new milk with a teaspoonful of brandy, every morning. Her mother who was with her in the country, was writing to her father in town, and asked Mary what she should say to him from her.

"Oh, just say to him that I took my first glass of milk this morning, and *I perceive that one of my knees has grown quite fat already.*"

☞ A schooner captain, noted for his parsimony, was one day waited upon by his cook, who informed him that the crew were in a state of dissatisfaction, bordering on mutiny, in consequence of their being compelled to subsist on such a scanty supply of provision. "What!" thundered the enraged skipper, "have the ungrateful scoundrels the audacity to assert that they do not get enough to eat? Confound their insatiable gluttony! Give them three herrings for dinner, Joe; give them three herrings, and let 'em bust, blast 'em!"

All About Eyes.

Man cannot fix his eye on the sun, and, so far, it seems imperfect. Some years ago, however, a traveller in Siberia found men who could see the satellites of Jupiter with their unaided eyes. In some respects animals of the lower creation excel us. Eagles can look at the sun, while man cannot. Birds have a larger sight, too, than man, besides the advantages given them by their wings of a higher observatory. A cow can bid her calf, by secret signal, probably of the eye, to run away, or to lie down and hide itself. The jockeys say of certain horses, that "they look over the whole ground." The out-door life, and hunting, and labor, give equal vigor to the human eye. A farmer looks out at you as strong as the horse; his eye-beam is like the stroke of a staff. An eye can threaten like a loaded and leveled gun, or can insult in a variety of forms, with thrilling effect; or, in its altered mood, by beams of kindness it can make the heart dance with joy. Eyes are as bold as lions—roving, running, leaping, here and there, far and near. They speak all languages. They wait for no introduction. They ask no leave of age or rank. They respect neither poverty nor riches; neither learning nor power; nor virtue, nor sex; but intrude and come again, and go through and through you in a moment of time. What inundation of life and thought is discharged from one soul into another through the eye! The glance is natural magic. We look into the eyes to know if this other form is another self, and the eyes will not lie, but make a faithful confession as to what inhabitant is there. The revelations are sometimes terrific. The confession of a low usurping *devil* is there made; and the observer shall seem to feel the stirring of owls and bats and horned hoofs where he looked for innocence and simplicity. 'Tis remarkable, too, that the spirit that appears at the "windows of the house" does at once invest himself in a new form of his own to the mind of the beholder. The power in a woman's eye was once happily expressed by the late George Stephenson. On being asked what he considered the most powerful force in nature, he replied: "It is the eye of a woman to the man that loves her; for if a woman looks with affection on a man, should he go to the uttermost ends of the earth, the recollection of that look will bring him back." The color, too, of the human eye is very significant, and has, accordingly, attracted considerable notice from many celebrated writers. Some have often questioned whether there is such a thing as a *blue* eye, except in persons of low, lymphatic temperament, when, say they, it invariably indicates weakness of mind and body. Light and dark gray eyes are the most common, and they are generally the index to a robust constitution and energetic character. The majority of great men have had such eyes. The brown eyes is reflective, and not unlike the caves of ocean, has "unfathomable depths." Thoughtful and truthful men and women have *brown* eyes. The hazel eye is the most fitful, because it assumes different colors in different lights, and may be said to belong to merry and capricious dispositions. The black eye is associated with passion and genius. It would appear to be, when analyzed or anatomized, an oriental eye, and its proper climate is the torrid zone.—*Emerson.*

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Mode in which Mr. Banting, the celebrated fat Englishman, used to be helped to the top of his omnibus.

Great Men.

Great men, it has been truly said, far more than any arts and colosseums, are the true world-wonders. It has, indeed, of late years been the fashion with certain historians to deny to any single man—even the greatest—that he exercised any mighty moulding influence of the events of his time. According to the reading of the world's history by these historians, the men who seemed to us to have dominated over their own time, only brought to a head the floating tendencies of their own age, which would inevitably have been done by some others if it had not been done by them. These tendencies, in fact, are everything, and the men nothing. This, which had a certain air of philosophy and show of wisdom, came to a head in the writings of Buckel, which would always secure a large amount of acceptance. It was welcome to small men by the assurance it seemed to give, that great men did not really contribute to shape and mould the world more than themselves, that there are none really great men after all, that men do not mould events, but that events mould men. But who could affirm that there would have ever have been a free Holland, except for William the Silent? or a revival of Imperial France, and all the mighty issues with which this revival are pregnant, both to our generation and generations to come, except for Napoleon III? Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, each fashioned the world, or a very large portion of it, for long successive ages. One stands in the awe of the world-shaping influence which some single men have exercised. It is a solemn, and it would be a terrible thing to contemplate, if we did not believe that a mightier than man rules over all; that those mightiest, not less than the smallest, are in His hands. Helpers or hinderers of His kingdom, are alike raised up by Him to work out His plans, and to bring about in the end, by strange and diverse ways, that kingdom which shall finally rule over all.—*Archbishop Trench.*

☞ A scholar having fallen into the hands of robbers was fastened to a tree, and left so nearly a whole day, till one came and unloosened him. "Now," said he, "the old adage must be false, which saith that the *tide* tarrieth for no man."

☞ Thomas Duffy, of Worcester, Massachusetts, weight two hundred pounds, aged seventy years, recently arose in his sleep, jumped from a three-story window into a hogshead of water, and was—*saved.*

☞ "The great beauty of a wife is," said a hen-pecked husband, "that if she abuses you herself, she won't let any one else abuse you."

☞ A preacher's word should be law only when it is gospel.

Faust.

That some such person as Faustus has existed is asserted in the most direct manner by writers who profess to have conversed with him. Among those eye-witnesses are Philip Melancthon, the great reformer, and Conrad Gesner, (1561,) and even in Luther's "Table Talk" mention is made of Dr. Faustus as a man irretrievably lost. The following is the story of Faust on which Goethe bases his poem: Doctor Johann Faust is a prominent character of the national and popular poetry of Germany. According to tradition he was a celebrated necromancer, born about A. D. 1480, at Knittlingen, or Kundlingen, in Wurtemberg. He is said to have studied magic at Cracow. Having mastered all the secret sciences, he was seized with gloomy dissatisfaction at the shallowness of human knowledge, and with an intense longing after a more elevated kind of mental and physical enjoyment, he conjured the Evil One, and made an agreement with him, according to which the devil was to serve Faust for full twenty-four years, obeying all his behests, and at the expiration of the term Faust's soul was to be delivered to eternal damnation. The contract, signed by Faust with his own blood, contained the following five conditions: '1, he shall renounce God and all celestial hosts; 2, he shall be an enemy of all mankind; 3, he shall not obey priests; 4, he shall not go to church and partake of the holy sacraments; 5, he shall hate and shun wedlock." Faust having signed this agreement, Satan sent him a *spiritus familiaris* (Mephistopheles, Mephistophills, or Mephistophiles,) a devil "who likes to live among men." Faust now began a brilliant worldly career. He revelled in all manner of sensual enjoyment of which his attentive devil-servant, with an inexhaustible fertility of imagination, was always inventing new and more attractive forms. When remorse tormented Faust and surfeit led him to sober reflection, Mephistopheles diverted him with all kinds of curious devilries. Faust frequently joined in them, and applied his supernatural powers to the most astonishing feats of witchcraft. This period of his career is embellished by popular poetry with numerous comical tricks and miraculous feats. Finally, the term of twenty-four years drawing to its close, remorse and fear overpower him completely; as a last resort he seeks relief and salvation from priests, but nothing avails him. All flee from the doomed man. Midnight approaches; an unearthly noise is heard from Faust's room, the howling of a storm which shakes the house to its very foundation, demonical laughter, cries of pain and anguish, a piercing, heart-rending call for help, followed by the stillness of death. Next morning they find Faust's room empty, but on the floor and walls evidence of a violent struggle, pools of blood and shattered brains; the corpse itself, mangled in a most horrible manner, they find upon a dunghill.

☞ Quotations from camp stocks, taken from the journal of a soldier lately on duty in Louisiana: Fleas, lively; lice steady—the old stock reduced to small compass, and mostly in the hands of government employes; lizards firm; scorpions advancing.

☞ "Why do the swallows build in my chimney?" said Squibobs to Quilp. Quilp gave it up. "The swallows build in my chimney," remarked Squibobs, "because they have a tendency to my grate" (migrate).

AGRICULTURAL.

How to Make Good Cider.

The following method of making good cider, which is valuable just now, and should be followed in the future, we extract from Mr. W. O. Hickok's trade circular:—

"There are comparatively few persons who are aware how rich a drink it is when made pure; free from water, the taste of straw, and all the impurities that, under the old fashioned system of cider-making, are incorporated into its composition.

"When pure and well-made, it is doubtless far healthier than wine, and for liver complaints it is a sovereign remedy. On this account alone, the portable cider-mills that make cider without straw, are a benefit to the community; and when the farmer will take the pains with his cider that the vinegrower does with his wine, he will find an unlimited demand for it at highly remunerative prices; and if the severe excise tax now imposed on whiskey will turn the attention of the people to cider, it will confer an inestimable benefit.

"Pick all the apples, rejecting those not sound, and wash them clean, and afterwards let them lie and get dry. Grind and press them, using no water or straw, or any substance that will give the cider an unpleasant taste, as on the purity and cleanness of the apples depends the quality of the cider. Strain the juice through a woolen or other close bag, put into clean barrels and set in a moderately cool place, keeping the barrel full all the time, so that the impurities may work off at the bung. After it has done working rack it carefully off, let it stand a few days and bung it up. As the air tends to sour the cider, it is a good plan to provide a bent tin tube, one end fastened in the bung and the other to drop down into a bucket of water. This will let all the gas pass off and not let the air get to the cider. The quicker the pomace is pressed after being ground, the lighter will the color be; and darker if not pressed for twenty-four hours after being ground. The cider from the second and third pressing will be the richest—the reverse is the case in making wine. Cider-making should be conducted with all the care that wine-making is. Most any good sour apple will make cider, but more generally an apple full of juice and not very good to eat, will make the best. The Virginia crab, perhaps, excels all other apples for cider-making.

"When bottled up with a little rock candy and wired, it will, after standing some time, sparkle like champagne, when opened. To get cider very strong, expose it in a tub in extremely cold weather and remove the ice that forms; as this can be only water, it leaves the cider of additional strength.

"Any substance put in to arrest the fermentation is of doubtful value, as all good cider must be perfectly fermented to be healthy. You had better depend rather on careful and clean making, and bottle tightly at the proper time."

To Dry Sweet Corn.

The question is asked, what is the best way to dry sweet corn? I usually prepare a good supply every year for winter, and do it in the following manner: I plant for a succession of crops every two weeks, from early spring to the fourth or tenth of July. That which ripens say, near the close of September, is dried. In good weather then, the atmosphere is usually cool and dry, and if a good day is chosen, the drying process is so speedy that it is past danger before fermentation can take place. Gather the corn while in the best condition for eating, husk, and boil it ten minutes, or just sufficient to scald the starch it contains; cut or scrape the corn from the cobs immediately, and spread it upon sheets placed on a tolerably flat roof, inclining south or west, or upon a scaffold. If thus elevated from the ground, it is not visited by flies. If put out, as it should be, early in the morning, by night it will be so dry as to be past danger from fermentation. If the night promises fair, it is best to spread a sheet over it and let it remain, or it may be taken in and the cloth spread on a floor. Two days more of good sun will complete the drying, when it may be put into a linen bag and hung up in a dry airy place.

Some dry in stoves and ovens, but in this way it is liable to be scorched—nor is it as sweet and good dried in this way, as when dried in the open air by the sun. Before cooking, the corn should be put to soak the night previous, and placed where the temperature is warm. Prepared in this way it is hardly inferior to corn direct from the field.—*Country Gentleman.*

CATTLE of all descriptions, horses, calves, and sheep, may be led by making a slipping noose and fastening it to the lower jaw, passing the rope (which must be small) around the neck and through the noose on the jaw. It is a very easy way of leading a sheep, one not being obliged to go behind and "push." After once pulling, the sheep will follow right along with no trouble. It costs nothing extra. Try it.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

MILK BISCUIT.—Mix 1 pint milk with 6 oz. butter, ½ teacup pulverized sugar, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1½ teacup yeast, and flour enough to make a sponge. Let it stand till perfectly light; knead it into a loaf, return to the tray and rise again. Then roll out the dough, cut it into small cakes, and stand ½ hour. Bake in a quick oven ½ hour. Leave them in the pans till wanted for tea, to prevent the under-crust hardening. Yeast for these must be made the day previous—thus: Boil 4 large potatoes in 1 quart water; pour off the water and strain them through a colander; then add water enough to thin them, with 1 teaspoonful salt and 1 tablespoonful brown sugar; let it cool and add nearly 1 teacup good yeast. This is a good yeast for bread.

YEAST.—Yeast is an article of the greatest importance in domestic economy, forming a necessary ingredient in the manufacture of bread, which would otherwise become heavy and unwholesome. When put in contact with saccharine matters, at a temperature of between 50 and 60 degrees, it causes fermentation, and changes the sugar into alcohol and carbonic acid. Yeast may be dried and yet retain its properties, but a temperature of 212 degrees destroys it. The yeast prepared by the Hungarians will keep for a whole year. During the summer season they boil a quantity of wheaten bran and hops in water; the decoction is not long in fermenting, and when this has taken place they throw in a sufficient portion of bran to form the whole into a thick paste, which they work into balls, that are afterwards dried by a slow heat. When wanted for use they are broken, and boiling water is poured upon them; having stood a proper time, the fluid is decanted, and in a fit state for leavening bread.

PRESERVING PICKLES.—A subscriber wishes to know how to make pickles that will keep. It is now too late in the season to *make* pickles, but those already made can be *preserved*, by putting in a few roots of horse-radish. If the vinegar is pure and clear, they may be kept for months without scumming over. I have tried it, and know that it can be depended upon.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

SQUASH AND PUMPKIN PIES.—A tablespoonful of flour to each pie is equal in value to one egg.

CUP CAKE.—One cup of butter, four cups of sugar, six cups flour, four eggs, tablespoonful of cinnamon, one wine glass of rose water, one cup of milk, teaspoonful of saleratus.

BURN FRITTERS.—Dip stale sliced sugar biscuit in milk with 2 or 3 eggs beaten light and stirred in till completely saturated, then *fry* them a light brown, and dip them immediately in pounded cinnamon and sugar. Serve them very hot.

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 55 letters.
My 12, 27, 54, 45, 2, 29, 20, is a kind of small onion.
My 52, 7, 14, 25, 19, 49, 26, 41, 31, 50, 43, 39, is to decree beforehand.
My 8, 42, 16, is a small animal.
My 38, 28, 11, 36, 29, 44, 55, 18, 30, 24, 53, 6, 10, is a sea.
My 18, 23, 16, 1, 5, 2, 2, 31, is a savage yell of war.
My 17, 48, 28, 35, 9, is a cultivated tract of land.
My 34, 9, 47, 22, is a female title of honor.
My 37, 33, 21, 40, 35, 46, is an adverb.
My 32, 15, 4, 33, is to rouse from sleep.

If the sun's resplendent rays have fallen
Upon your cheeks and tanned them brown,
This enigma search and study well,
And a receipt you'll find, of great renown,
Which will take the tan from off your face,
And plant a rose right in its place.

R. VASEY, Jr.
Lynnville, Morgan Co., Ill.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 1, 11, 18, 20, is a girl's name.
My 2, 8, 24, is a conjunction.
My 3, 11, 1, 7, 25, is a river in Virginia.
My 9, 15, is an exclamation.
My 13, 14, 19, is a man's nickname.
My 20, 19, 22, is a town on the coast of South America.
My 23, 4, 5, 24, is a title of nobility.
My 6, 9, 21, is an abbreviation.
My 17, 2, 16, is a useful article.
My 4, 10, is a conjunction.
My 21, 7, 12, 12, is a girl's nickname.

My whole is the name of a brave officer who fell during the present war.

GEORGE H. McCULLY.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a Latin prefix,
To many sadly known,
Also a numeral which denotes
What all would gladly own.
My second *is* a mountain,
A tower and a hill;
And my third is used a warning
To keep apart from ill.
My whole is an oppression,
Now growing day by day,
Which, though we cry against it,
Still keeps its steadfast sway.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY JOE ROSS, Jr.

My first is a disease in vegetables.
My second is a small hole or aperture.
My whole is a distilled spirit.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A province of Africa.
A river in Georgia.
A town in Russia.
A river in England.
A river in Spain.
One of the United States.
My initials and finals form the name of a fort.

Bentleysville, Pa. S. B. WEST.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The three places, A., B. and C., are situated thus: B. is east of A. 80 miles, and C. north of B. 60 miles. Two persons start simultaneously from A. and C. The one from C. travels directly towards A. with a speed per hour always equal to the square root of the miles over which he has passed. The other travels towards B. with the uniform speed of 5 miles per hour. In what time will they make the nearest approach to each other? WALTER SIVERLY.

Oil City, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A farmer purchased 100 animals for $1,000; horses at $102 a-piece; cows at $18; sheep at $4½; and pigs at $1 3-5. How many animals had he of each kind?

FRANCIS W. HIBBARD.

Jefferson, Harrison Co., Ohio.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What must be the diameter of a circular hole made through the centre of a sphere 20 inches in diameter, so that it will remove just one-half the solidity of sphere? REUBEN BARTO.

Pine Grove, Schuylkill Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Admit that gravity at the earth's surface were increased by one-hundredth part—what would be the length of a pendulum vibrating seconds at London, and also what would be the length of one vibrating 3 times in 5 seconds?

MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What letter in the alphabet compels a black man to laugh? Ans.—The letter S—it makes nigger snigger.

☞ Why is the rust on a spear like pastry? Ans.—Because it is pike-rust (pie-crust.)

☞ Why can a lady never properly object to a gentleman putting his arm round her waist to support her? Ans.—Because it is treating her in a *prop her* manner.

☞ What is the difference between a church deacon and a ragamuffin? Ans.—One passes the sasser, and the other sasses the passer.

☞ Why are birds like farmers? Ans.—Because they depend on their *crops* for support.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—The Prisoner of Chillon, by Lord Byron. ENIGMA—Sebastian Cabot. CHARADE—Treason (Tree, Son.) CHARADE—Handkerchief. RIDDLE—Earth.